

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1903.

The Week.

"A square deal" for the negro was the burden of President Roosevelt's speech on Thursday at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. Inspiration might well have come to him from that mighty shade. And thickening events are certainly hurrying on the issue. The new slave-driving in Alabama has pricked the conscience of the nation. Highly significant, in this connection, is that plank of Thursday's Ohio platform which declares for "equity everywhere in the exercise of the elective franchise," with the enforcement of the Constitutional penalties upon those States which violate it. This is one form of the "square deal" for the negro to which it is the nation's immediate business to attend. The Ohio utterance marks the revival of human rights, with the equality of all men before the law, as a political issue of the first magnitude. It may easily swallow all other issues. Education and the suffrage lie at the foundation of our institutions, and we must work for both.

Just why the South should feel so bitter against President Roosevelt for appointing to office fifteen or sixteen negroes, when Mr. McKinley gave office to eighty without being complained of, has puzzled every Northern observer of the fierce criticisms of the President. Until now we have looked in vain for an explanation, but Mr. John J. Vertrees of Nashville has risen to the situation in an article in the June number of the *Olympian*. With the Jove-like wisdom called for by such a forum he informs the public that

"Mr. McKinley appointed negroes to office because they were negroes—thus making, as all perceived, a mere political play, which was accepted as a matter of course, and, therefore, gave no concern. But Mr. Roosevelt appoints regardless of race, and because negroes are equal men—thus revealing a faith in that solidarity which Anglo-Saxons know can come only through the mongrelizing of their race. This is the reason why the negro looks to the President as a deliverer, and the people of the South turn from him as one recreant and irresponsible to the instincts and appeals of his own blood and race."

This is extremely enlightening, so much so as to call forth the highest praise from the Nashville *American*, which declares that Mr. Vertrees "has admirably given expression to the Southern sentiment on the negro question." We had supposed that the opposition to Dr. Crum in Charleston was based upon his color alone. We see now that if Mr. Roosevelt had sent Dr. Crum's nomination to the Senate in this form, "Dr. Crum, negro, unequal man, nominated for political purposes only," all that rumpus in

Charleston would have been avoided, and he would not have been accused of wishing to prevent race suicide by "mongrelizing the race."

President Roosevelt returned to Washington on Friday evening, just in time to learn of the indictment of August W. Machen, the former General Superintendent of Free Delivery, and of the arrest of two of his subordinates, T. W. McGregor and C. Elsworth Upton, on the charge of swindling the Government on a mail-pouch contract. On an \$18,000 transaction they are said to have placed \$10,000 to their private bank accounts, which would be considered a handsome profit even in Wall Street. The seriousness of the situation is now so clearly recognized that a prominent official is quoted in the *Tribune* as declaring that the bribe givers and bribe takers must be made examples of if the corrupting influences of the postal ring are not to permeate every branch of the Government service. Here is Mr. Roosevelt's chance, and he has improved it by causing it to be announced that he is determined to pursue the post-office thieves relentlessly. His friends say that he has given orders to "go to the bottom." We hope they will be obeyed, and that the investigation will also go to the top.

The postal investigations have now dragged into the light of publicity the name of the Postmaster-General's own secretary. Mr. Payne is, of course, certain that nothing will be found which will in any way reflect upon his immediate subordinate, whom he has known for many years. It will be remembered that he was also of the opinion that Mr. Tulloch's hitherto unrefuted charges were merely "hot air," and that there was nothing in the entire investigation. His secretary, it appears, is vice-president of a copper mining company, of which Mr. Machen, now under indictment, was president. Mr. Machen was also interested in a coal company which furnished fuel to the Post-Office Department. Indeed, it seems to have been the custom for postal officials to have all sorts of outside connections and associations, some of which were obviously formed for the purpose of doing business with the Government. An investigation of this practice would undoubtedly throw much light upon the pervading low moral tone of Washington officialism. The evil is not unknown in other departments, but has apparently spread further in Mr. Payne's than elsewhere.

The Ohio Republican platform favors "every encouragement possible to our merchant marine in the extension of

American commerce in American ships upon every sea." This is a tame and spiritless indorsement of the ship-subsidy scheme. Rather should it be esteemed no indorsement at all. The Hanna-Payne bill and the later Frye bill constitute the only measure by which the Ohio Senator has been signalized as a statesman during his six years' service. All his other distinction has consisted in the lavish use of Federal spoil to provide places for his own henchmen and to seduce those of his rivals in Ohio. When we find him unable to get any serious indorsement of his ship-subsidy scheme, we may safely conclude that he is not taken seriously as a legislator even by his own State. The resolution adopted by his Convention on the subject of the merchant marine may perhaps include the Elkins plan of discriminating duties in favor of American ships; but if it had meant the Hanna bill, or the later Frye bill, it would have named either the one or the other of those measures. Mr. Hanna is not the only statesman who is "short" of an indorsement in this particular. General Grosvenor was in an even more necessitous plight; but naturally the Ohio Republicans did not want to see Grosvenor's check from J. Pierpont Morgan circulated as a campaign document this year.

On the subject of the tariff, the Ohio platform appears to be decisive and unequivocal, but in reality it is not so. It first says that the protective tariff "has made the United States the greatest industrial nation." This is a glaring untruth, since it ascribes to the tariff all the prosperity due to natural resources and abundant harvests—as glaring as it would be for the other side to affirm that the high protective tariff is connected with the high barometric pressure which has prevented rain in the North Atlantic States, causing the drought and forest fires we have just been witnessing. But, after claiming all the prosperity as the work of protection, and leaving all adverse conditions to be accounted for by Divine Providence, the platform-makers suddenly remembered that there was a national convention of millers in session at Detroit whose theme was reciprocity with Canada; also, that there were important groups in other parts of the country, such as tanners, shoemakers, and the manufacturers of agricultural implements, making similar demands with respect to foreign trade. So the platform-makers took a short excursion into the free-trade domain by referring to "changing conditions and the possible benefits of reciprocity," and to a "timely readjustment of schedules." The

Boston Home Market Club may be trusted to deal as they deserve with these turncoats and traitors.

We have received from our readers sundry circulars, or packages of circulars, sent out as campaign literature by the American Protective Tariff League, upon which we are asked to give some advice or suggestion in the way of reply. The circular is a small slip of paper asking the receiver of it to send to the League the name and address of one person who will cast his first Presidential vote in 1904. "We wish," it says, "to forward to him literature on the subject of protection." Our advice to the receivers of these slips is to ask the senders simply to define the word protection in terms of the Dingley tariff; that is, to take the separate items of the tariff, and tell what the ad-valorem rate of duty is, and to say whether that rate is necessary for the purposes of protection, and if not, what rate would be necessary. Thus, we understand that the rates of duty on mica, or some varieties of it, are equal to 4000 per cent. ad valorem. The range of the Dingley tariff includes all kinds of percentages, from that figure down to 5 or 10 per cent., and to the free list. It includes a duty of 33 per cent. on wheat, which the millers would like to have removed because they say that it cripples our milling industry by compelling the exportation of Canadian wheat to England, where it is ground into flour. If we could take that wheat and grind it, we could employ a corresponding amount of American labor and make a corresponding profit. Other persons say that the duty on hides is non-protective, but is a damage to the American tanning industry and to all leather manufactures; that it gives to foreigners an advantage over us in the boot and shoe trade. We should like to know, also, whether the duty on works of art is for protection or for revenue. American artists say that they do not want it for the former, and the Secretary of the Treasury certainly does not want it for the latter purpose. He has more revenue now than he knows what to do with. There are many questions of this kind which Mr. W. F. Wakeman, Treasurer and General Secretary of the American Protective Tariff League, might employ his well-earned leisure in answering.

The framers of the Constitution of Illinois fixed a special day for the election of Circuit and Superior Court judges, the idea being that, by separating the election of judges from all other political issues, a result not based upon party intrigue and manipulation would be sure to follow. This praiseworthy end has not been actually reached, of course, but the judicial election which has just taken place in Chicago indicates that substantial progress has been made.

Lorimer, the Republican boss, insisted upon the nomination of certain candidates who would never have been heard of except for their political "pull," and as a result they were disastrously beaten. On the other hand, two Democratic candidates ran, even in the Republican wards, far ahead of the machine candidates. A curious and suggestive feature was that the most obnoxious of the Lorimer candidates, Hanecy, received strong Democratic support in some of the lower districts. Evidently there is such a thing as non-partisanship for evil as well as for good. The result would have been almost entirely satisfactory but for the fact that the vote was very light.

None of the customary excuses is available to explain the lynching of a negro by a mob of 2,000 persons near Belleville, Ill., on Saturday night. Illinois is a Northern State; the crime of which the mob's victim was accused was not committed against a woman. The negro was in jail, charged with attempting to kill one of the county officials. The man was not dead; in fact he may recover. There was no reason why the prosecution of his assailant should not have followed the ordinary course—or only one reason. The prisoner was a negro. On this account he was set upon in his cell and almost beaten to death, then dragged into the street in a dying condition, hanged to a telegraph pole, his body cut with knives and riddled with bullets, and finally burned. The apologists for the lawless band which committed this outrage declare that it was necessary to teach the negroes of the vicinity a lesson. Doubtless by their action they have taught one, but not as they intended. The lesson of violence is violence.

Even at the risk of prolonging the strike in the building trades, the employers have done well to formulate a comprehensive plan for dealing with the various unions. In general, while it amply "recognizes" the labor organizations, it recognizes them as bodies of workmen, not dictators, and lays down rules under which their arbitrary and vexatious methods will be hedged about. In particular, the scheme proposes to eliminate that most-noxious disturber of the peace in the world of labor—the walking delegate. He will hereafter have to walk out, if the employing builders have their way. Their decided stand is one sign more of the growing realization that the demands of organized labor have become wildly excessive. In Chicago, labor has apparently gone crazy. Barbers, waiters, cooks, laundrymen on strike, threaten to leave the city unshorn, unfed, and unwashed. Mr. Marshall Field, whose record as a large and generous employer of labor is well known, speaks a manly word when he

tells the unions that their course will speedily bring all employment to an end. If a business is to be ruined, it might as well be by discontinuance as by being forced into bankruptcy through paying impossible wages.

The arrest on Monday of Samuel J. Parks, the walking delegate, on the charge of extortion, may have an important influence in the way of settling the pending strike in the building trades. At all events, it will give both sides much to think about. It has been known here and everywhere that power was lodged in the hands of the walking delegate to upset business calculations involving millions of dollars, to carry ruin or penury into the homes of thousands of men, both employers and employees, and that the persons holding such power were for the most part irresponsible, or accountable only to their immediate constituents. The system, too, lends itself easily to corrupt practices. Given the power by the mere blowing of a whistle to close a factory and perhaps to ruin its proprietor, without the chance of being called to account in any tribunal which the whistler fears, it requires an unusual stock of virtue on his part to refrain from turning it to account for purposes of private gain. Why do employers allow themselves to be blackmailed? it may be asked. Why did not the President of the Hecla Iron Works take a firm stand and refuse to pay Parks a cent for lifting the strike? Is the briber not as bad as the bribed? But this is not a case of ordinary bribery. It is more like being "held up" on the high road and ordered to deliver one's purse at the pistol's muzzle. But whatever may be said of the hardship of the position in which many an employer finds himself, he is strictly bound in the interest of society and good government, to bring the blackmailer to justice at the first opportunity. Such an opportunity has come, and it is fortunate for the community, and especially for the honest trades-union men—and the great majority of them are honest—that we have a District Attorney in whom both employers and employed have full confidence.

The thirteenth of June is to be an important date in the history of the American college. On that day the democratic system of government by the entire body of the professors, which has marked out the University of Virginia from almost all other institutions of learning in the country, is to come to an end. This system, in spite of all that can properly be said on the other side, has good features which it is a pity to see extinguished. But however one may be inclined to decide on its general merits the question of president or temporary chairman, the coming election on the

part of the Board of Visitors (appointees of the Governor) is fraught with great danger; for, incredible as it may seem in the case of an institution of such distinction and dignity as the University of Virginia, there is grave fear that the election may be carried upon political grounds, and that a candidate who has no fitness for the position—who is not even a college graduate—will be the choice of the electors, even in the face of the organized protests of the professors themselves. So sad a fate as this, it is to be hoped, is not in store for an institution which has so brilliant a history behind it.

With two such veterans as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William Vernon Harcourt ready to take the field for free trade, in the Conservative and Liberal parties respectively, no immediate revolution in British fiscal policy is possible. As we go to press, the House is in the midst of a great debate of which the issue appears to be a parting with Chamberlain or with the reins of power. With Chamberlain dropped, Mr. Balfour still has a "fine brute majority," and, by staving off other troublesome issues, by throwing overboard unpopular bills like that for London education, and by coddling the Irish, may retain his office for some time to come. But there can be no doubt that he has been fatally discredited as a party leader. What Prime Minister has ever had to suffer such a faithful wound of a friend as that inflicted upon Mr. Balfour by one of his supporters in the press, the *St. James's Gazette*? Speaking of the way in which the Premier had abandoned the essential clauses of the London Education bill, it said:

"If Mr. Balfour would take the pains to think his policy out beforehand, base it on firm principles, and then say to his followers that the Ministry intended to stand or fall by their proposals, he would be much more loyally supported than he is at present. His constant attempts to catch gusts of acquiescence first in one quarter and then in another simply offer a premium on discipline and dissension in the ranks."

Such language is one of the symptoms of coming storm.

Mr. Chamberlain has written a letter for the instruction of British workmen on the subject of the bread tax. He follows in the footsteps of William McKinley, as the latter did in those of Lord George Bentinck and the other tariffites of sixty years ago. He says that it is a matter of opinion whether the cost of living will be increased by a duty on wheat or not. He considers it "established" that the recent duty of one shilling per quarter on that cereal was met by a reduction in prices and in freight rates in the United States, and therefore did not fall on British consumers. A more intimate acquaintance with the

facts would have taught the Colonial Secretary that the British duty on grain, imposed at the instance of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, coincided in point of time with the opening of lake navigation, and that the railroads reduced their rates accordingly, as is their custom. The British tax did not enter into their reckoning at all. But, says Mr. Chamberlain, "even if the price of food is raised, the rate of wages will certainly rise in greater proportion." This signifies that employers will embrace the opportunity afforded by a rise in the price of bread to add a corresponding sum, or rather a greater one, to their own expenses for labor. Workingmen know better than that. They know that employers will pay what they have to pay and no more. They know that, except in rare instances, they get their wages raised only by strikes or by demands which carry the threat of strikes to the mind of the employer. The only cases where wages rise by gentler means are those where the demand for labor exceeds the supply. Mr. Chamberlain's logic is at fault in not showing how an increase in the price of food tends *per se* to increase wages.

Australia appears to be willing to meet Mr. Chamberlain's tariff proposals by the ingenious device of raising the duties on goods imported from other countries than Great Britain, but keeping the duties on British goods where they now stand—that is, at a prohibitive or highly protective figure. This they style a preferential tariff. That the only real preference in it is the one given to their own protected manufacturers has been proved, as regards Canada, by Mr. Harold Cox of the Cobden Club. Canada began to give to Great Britain a preference in import duties in 1897. This preference was first fixed at 12½ per cent., and was increased to 33 per cent. in 1900. Apparently however, the rate of duties still remaining was sufficient for all purposes of protecting the Canadian manufacturer. At all events, the proportion of imports from Great Britain did not increase. That proportion was 19 per cent in 1897. It fell to 16 per cent. in 1898, and has continued at that rate except for one year, when it was as low as 15 per cent. Imports from the United States increased from 49 per cent. of the whole in 1897 to 60 per cent. in 1901. This result is ascribed by Mr. Cox to the fact that the tariff was contrived in the first instance to protect the Canadian manufacturer against the British, and that this design has never been lost sight of. He points also to the fact that, before giving a preference to British goods, the Laurier Ministry was careful to raise the duties on cotton goods largely coming from Great Britain, so that the reduction should be neutralized beforehand.

Reduction of military expenditures in the colonies is a question of the day in France. In 1902, the military budget for the colonies was \$19,000,000. This year it has fallen to \$18,000,000, with some resultant alarm. The *Temps*, which says it "will not be suspected of an excessive weakness for that sort of expenditure," still enters a strong plea for colonial defense. After Fashoda, the Parliament voted an appropriation for a comprehensive plan of colonial defense, but it has been clipped and curtailed, under the pressure for economy. The French colonial system falls into four great divisions: Western Africa, the Congo, Madagascar, and Indo-China. At the present time they are garrisoned by 54,500 troops, 25,000 in Indo-China, 15,000 in Madagascar, and 8,000 on the African continent. The *Temps* insists that they should be so thoroughly armed and equipped that, in a crisis, each portion of the colonial system would be capable of defending itself. This would certainly swell, instead of reducing, the annual budget, the dimensions of which, as they are, give the Minister of Finance sleepless nights.

The reported Belgian decision not to annex the Congo Free State will arouse fresh interest in that unfortunate country. Popular opposition and the attitude of England are the reasons given. To these might well be added the international disgust at the results of Belgian stewardship as they are daily finding their way into print. Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne has just pointed out, in his book entitled 'Civilization in Congo-land,' that the original objects of the State, freedom of trade and the protection of the natives, have been absolutely lost sight of. The inhabitants have been reduced to a lower grade of civilization than that of the Arabs, and flee from their homes at the approach of Belgian troops, while the enormous profits of the privileged companies must make the mouths of our own would-be exploiters of the Philippines fairly water. It may be that annexation by Belgium would have fixed the responsibility for conditions in the Free State so clearly that there must have been an improvement in governmental conditions. But the attempt to suppress all recent criticisms, and the general Belgian indifference towards all complaints, are additional evidence of the great evils of the Belgian administration. The sacred task of uplifting an inferior race has in this case plainly pulled down the alleged 'superior one. There should now be a prompt reassembling of the Powers which took part in the Berlin and Brussels conferences to consider the whole question of the Congo State and, if possible, to set right its existing wrongs. At least, might not a commission be constituted to report upon the actual state of things?

REMEDIES FOR OPPRESSION.

The past few weeks have brought successive appeals to the heart and conscience of the civilized world. One horror of cruelty has followed hard upon another. Scarcely had the atrocities in the Congo Free State forced their way through official concealment to public notice, when the brutal outrages upon the Jews of Bessarabia shocked every reader of the dispatches. Next came the revelations of the hardships and oppression from which Italian laborers in this country were made to suffer, and finally, through indictment by a Federal grand jury, the discovery that a system of slavery, or something really worse than slavery, was practised in several counties of Alabama. We might make our own the prophet's words: "He looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry."

Now we are not so dull as to deny that a quickened moral sensitiveness is implied in the very attention and excitement which such occurrences to-day arouse in all Christendom. It is not all a febrile sensationalism—"the festering news we half despise yet scramble for no less." A genuine revulsion against brutality and barbarism can be detected in the outcries which have made themselves heard. It has, happily, come to be true that no crime against humanity can any longer be done in a corner. Even the habitations of cruelty are now within the electric circuit of the world's sympathy. No trampler of the weak, no scourger of the defenceless, no destroyer of liberty can anywhere on this earth now feel safe from at least exposure. International as well as national moral standards have been erected, as regards the primary humane sentiments, and the punishment of the contempt of his kind is assured to man or monarch that dares cross them. Browning's "Instans Tyrannus" is truer than ever to-day, when it is not the victim, but the oppressor, who has reason to be afraid, so sure and ready is the moral condemnation which waits for him.

In this broader and tenderer humanity, with its accompanying vigilance, every one must see the chief hope. The first remedy for oppression is in its acute perception. The day has gone by when we can be accused of "meddling" for feeling and expressing responsibility for cruelty in any part of the world. We are all our brother's keepers, whether he be a Russian Jew in the flames and blood of Kishenev, or a black man tortured on the shores of Lake Leopold or held to slavery on the banks of the Coosa. But all this, it is evident, relates mainly to the attitude of the sympathizer with the oppressed. The further question arises, how is he to make his sympathy effective? What weapons is he to put in the hands of the poor victim of man's inhumanity, which

will enable him, once rescued, to become his own defender?

It is when we ask and really try to answer such questions that we, who live in a democracy, are forced to see that the ultimate remedy for oppression must be political as well as moral. In order to set the poor and the wronged upon their feet, we must give them a certain power, even make them formidable, when they are once erect. It is all very well to talk about the mute but irresistible appeal of the unfortunate, but when it is a question of a change of public sentiment and of public law, it is necessary to give the unfortunate the means of enforcing his appeal. Under our system, such means must be, in the long run, political. Until you have a force which can make or unmake Legislatures and Congresses, you have no force able to entrench justice in the law of the land, and to arm its ministers with a sword against all oppressors.

But why stick in the bark of generalities when we have concrete examples under our eyes? Take the case of the outflow of American sympathies and aims to the beleaguered and massacred Jews in Russia. Was it wholly due to pure humanity? Were all our motives altruistic? Look at the facts. The Hebrew population of this country has become a great power. It is a political element with which our public men have to reckon. That is one great reason, beyond the shadow of a doubt, why they so promptly answer, when the appeal is made to them in the name of the persecuted Russian Jew, "Here are we." It is the powerful American Jew who commands; and we may be sure that we should not see so many elected officials, and politicians with an eye to the future, make haste to obey, if they did not know that Hebrew votes would back up the Hebrew cry for justice.

In a similar, though in as yet a less degree, the Italian-born citizens of our country are coming to have a political power which is the best safeguard of their race from oppression. The *Bollettino della Sera* of this city last week drove home the argument. The fashion of the day, it said, was pro-Jewish, but what about the cruelties committed upon Italians in West Virginia? But scarcely had it spoken, when the Governor of West Virginia was rousing himself to punish the lawless contractors. The impulse came from New York city, where the Italian vote is no longer negligible. It is an old story. He who has the power of a freeman can make the rights of a freeman respected. Take from the colored men the right of saying, by their suffrage, who shall be their law-makers, and what laws shall be made, and you instantly expose them to what we now see going on in the South—exclusion from office, statutes cunningly devised to their hurt, injustice without redress, and a systematic reduction

of the more ignorant and friendless to a condition more terrible than slavery. Pile your moral and educational remedies for such evils as high as you please, you will not be really efficient until you make use of the remedy which the history of this country and the nature of our government show to be the only one that is compelling and complete—the political remedy.

THE QUESTION OF THE BIRTH-RATE.

In the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly* Dr. Geo. J. Engelmann of Boston discusses the question whether the male graduates of American colleges are disinclined to marry and rear children. If it should appear that the higher education tends to "race suicide," that would be a grave indictment, but Dr. Engelmann does not find it sustained by statistics within his reach. He does find, however, that the native American population is declining, but that college graduates are above the average of the native stock in fecundity. The average graduate family does not reproduce itself—does not on the average bring to maturity two new lives to take the places of the parents—but it comes nearer to that mark than the less highly educated family of the native American stock. Dr. Engelmann affirms that the conditions now existing among the American people in this particular are more extreme than those found in any other country, not excepting France.

This is a serious statement. Dr. Engelmann furnishes the data on which he bases his calculations, and first those which relate to marriage. According to the statistics available (the records of all the college classes within reach), the married male graduates range from 88.7 per cent. (highest) to 71.4 per cent. (lowest), the average of all being 75.4. The average of the native American male is only 68.8. That of the population at large, native and foreign-born together, is 79.02. The average rate of fecundity of the native American family is 2.7, but the perils of infancy take away a certain proportion, so that the surviving rate is only 1.9—not sufficient for replacement. Ten families, according to this showing, bring to maturity only nineteen children for twenty parents. Among the native American population of Massachusetts, the highest possible number of survivors is 192 for 200 parents. The births in Massachusetts, native and foreign, are 28 per thousand per year of living population, but among the native-born they are only 17, while among the foreign-born they are 52. The birth-rate of France is 22.4 per thousand, which keeps the population about stationary.

Dr. Engelmann takes a glance backward. He finds that in the time of Benjamin Franklin the average number of

children to a family was 8 (but he omits to abate this figure by the notoriously greater infant mortality). In 1880 it was 6.1; in 1830, 4.6; in 1860, 3.33; in 1872, 2.45; in 1900, among the upper classes of Boston, 1.8. Dr. Engelmann tells us that the birth-rate has been decreasing throughout the civilized world—slowly in the Old World, but with great rapidity in the new. If his facts can be depended upon, they call for some fresh observations on the doctrine of Malthus. This doctrine affirms that "population tends to increase faster than subsistence," and that this tendency will produce misery and operate as a bar to social progress and improvement unless offset by certain checks, such as war, pestilence, and famine, which kill off surplus population, or vice, which tends to lessen reproduction, or prudence, which refrains from bringing into the world more children than can be supported in comfort. Malthus started with the thesis that population increases in a geometrical ratio, while subsistence increases only in an arithmetical ratio. He found good reason to drop his mathematical formulas, but he never contemplated a world in which the fecundity of the human race should diminish in the face of increasing means of subsistence. Yet that is the nut which Dr. Engelmann asks us to crack. He cracks it himself in the following way:

"Family shrinkage seems clearly referable to the strenuous nerve-racking life of the day, to the struggle not for existence, but for a luxurious existence, to the ever-increasing desire for the luxuries of life and the morbid craving for social dissipation and advancement. It is due, as plainly expressed and openly advocated by many, to the desire to have no children, or only such a number as husband and wife believe, in their wisdom, suitable and adapted to their ideals of comfort and their supposed financial possibilities."

That a race which does not keep its own numbers good from generation to generation will pass out of existence, needs no proof, and this will be its appropriate punishment; but the process is, with us, so complicated with immigration that it has no terror for the guilty parties. They say that the foreign stock is merging with the native stock now as before, that the process will continue during the next hundred years, as it has during the past four hundred, and that the last thing to be dreaded is any shortage of population. They think, too, that a lessened birth-rate, or even a decline of the total population, is not an unmixed evil, since it is better that two children should be reared in comfort and with full stomachs rather than eight or ten in squalor and half fed. Malthus, Mill, and Cairnes can supply all the arguments needed under this head, although none of them, as we have said, ever imagined a population declining in number with an increasing food supply. They did not, perhaps, give sufficient weight to the fact that the means of

subsistence is a relative term, varying from age to age, and having different meanings to different peoples.

Obviously the delinquents in this case are not amenable to exhortation. They cannot be brought together and lectured. They are not open to appeals on the score of patriotism. They cannot be shamed. It is no use telling them that a people who cannot bring to maturity an average of more than nineteen children to twenty parents ought not to think of having colonies and of civilizing inferior races. All such appeals go over their heads or pass by them like the idle wind. In fact, this evil is not pointed out now for the first time. There was some rather loud talk about it in Boston back in the sixties and seventies, as futile as Dr. Engelmann's will probably be.

A SIDELIGHT ON TAMMANY.

A significant sidelight is thrown upon the working of the Tammany machine by Hutchins Hapgood's 'Autobiography of a Thief,' just published by Fox, Duffield & Co. Mr. Hapgood had the good fortune to meet an ex-pickpocket and burglar, who had served three terms in the penitentiary. The man had led a typical thief's life but he had unusual intelligence and "a gift of vigorous expression." At Mr. Hapgood's suggestion, Light-Fingered Jim has told his story and Mr. Hapgood has "edited" it. The document is genuine, for Mr. Hapgood and his publishers vouch for it personally, and internal evidence supports their claim. By "genuine" we do not mean that the thief has told the exact truth about all the incidents. He falls, for example, into certain anachronisms; he is probably older than he makes out; doubtless he has been tricked by his memory more than once; and in some passages he has consciously or unconsciously exaggerated. But these are minor matters; the book as a whole impresses the reader as an accurate presentation of the thief's personal point of view, a vivid picture of the society in which he lived and robbed, and of the influences, moral and political, by which he was surrounded.

The story, indeed, has something of the quality of Defoe's 'Colonel Jacques': it is filled with convincing details; and it tells not only of the career of the hero, but, by the way, of the achievements and the fates of his friends and accomplices. For most people, of course, the interest will lie in the sordid tale of a boy who saw on the street corners and in the saloons the swell thieves, and who easily fell into the belief that success in life was to be won by imitating them. For many of us in New York, however, the chief significance of the book is its reflection of the relations between Tammany and the under world of criminals. Here is another contribution to the mass of evidence which Josiah

Flynt, on the one hand, and Mr. Jerome as District Attorney on the other, have been piling up.

Light-Fingered Jim took it for granted that Tammany was hand-in-glove with the criminal classes. In the first place, the thief talks about the system of "protection" just as he talks about saloons and gambling houses—matters of common knowledge, about the existence of which no one ever dreams of doubting. He was "shaken down" regularly. But if from motives of prudence the police were forced to make arrests, the "grafter" still had opportunities to get out of the toils, provided he or his friends had been wise enough to lay something by for a rainy day. The methods have often been exposed. The first step was to "fix" the police, whose memories would then suddenly fail; who could not surely identify the prisoner; whose minds grew hazy as to times and places. In case more desperate remedies were needed, the underground wires could reach the county offices, the grand jury, the petit jury, and even the bench itself. The thief ordered his whole life on the assumption that there was under Tammany a complete and elaborate system, from judge down to policeman, for taking care of "good" crooks.

Indeed, such a system is and must be an integral part of the Tammany plan. The Tammany crowd has always regarded the control of the city government as a money-making scheme. Croker was working for his own pocket all the time, and his followers have no conception of office except as a means to get rich, directly by drawing salaries, indirectly by every possible form of graft. Their imaginations are moved exactly as was that of Light-Fingered Jim, who says in speaking of his early ambition:

"A splendid sight one of these swell grafters was, as he stood before the bar, or smoked his cigar on the corner! Well dressed, with clean linen collar and shirt, a diamond in his tie, an air of ease and leisure all about him, what a contrast he formed to the respectable hod carrier, or truckman, or mechanic, with soiled clothes and no collar! And what a contrast was his dangerous life to that of the virtuous laborer! The result was that I grew to think the career of the grafter was the only one worth trying for. The real prizes of the world I knew nothing about. All that I saw of any interest to me was crooked, and so I began to pilfer right and left; there was nothing else for me to do."

Accordingly, as Mr. Hapgood says, "he went in for crime with energy and enthusiasm."

Exactly the same ambition impels the Tammany officeseeker. Here is a clean easy job, with plenty of pickings; it is much better than carrying the hod, driving a truck, or eking out a precarious existence as a shyster lawyer; and the Tammanyite starts in with energy and enthusiasm, as indifferent as Light-Fingered Jim himself to nice ethical considerations. It is this unity of ideals that makes it so easy for Tammany officeholders, from Mayor to policeman, to

get along with the "grafter." They understand each other perfectly; they can meet on common ground, without constraint on the one side or repugnance on the other. The average Tammany officer has no hesitation about helping the crook out of a scrape, and none about associating with him afterwards. The attitude of "Senator Wet Coin"—obviously Dry Dollar Sullivan—is typical. Of him Jim says:

"Senator Wet Coin made no pretensions to virtue; he never claimed to be better than others. But, in spite of the accusations against him, he has done far more for the public good than all the professional reformers, religious and other. He took many noted and professional criminals in the prime of their success and gave them positions, and by his influence kept them honest ever since. Some of them are high up, even run gin-mills to-day. I met one of them after my second bit (term of imprisonment), who used to make his thousands. Now he has a salary of eighteen dollars a week and is contented."

This easy camaraderie has its good side as well as its bad. Senator Wet Coin and the other district leaders have doubtless helped more than one crook to earn a fairly honest livelihood; and at the same time they have bound to them with hooks of steel all the crooks, regenerate and unregenerate; and they must stand and fall together.

THE GROWTH OF STEAM YACHTING.

So many steam yachts accompanied *Columbia*, *Constitution*, and *Reliance* in their contests in the Sound week before last, as to excite comment even among yachtsmen of experience. Because of the *America's* cup races the demand for yachts of all kinds and classes has been exceptionally great this spring. The splendid weather, too, has led to the commissioning of all pleasure craft earlier in the season than usual. As a result, the waters around New York are fairly teeming with yachts; and the racing season in the large and small clubs is well under way. It was evidenced by last week's ocean race of six large schooners for an Atlantic Yacht Club prize. But no development of American yachting is of more general interest than the great increase in the number of steam and power vessels. As a social phenomenon, and as an index to our national prosperity, it is well worth studying.

This development is clearly shown in the growth of the New York Yacht Club's steam fleet, which includes all those craft whose motive power is either gasoline, kerosene, or vapor engines. In 1890 the club book contained 80 such vessels; in 1890, 143; in 1900, 204; and in 1902 the number was swollen to 247. It is a striking fact that this growth has been in vessels of all sizes, and not merely in those of small dimensions. The largest steamer in 1890 was the ill-fated Vanderbilt cruiser *Alva*, 252 feet in length. There are now seven yachts measuring more than 300 feet in length,

of which the largest, *Valiant*, belonging to Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, has a gross tonnage of 1,823 tons. Each of them would rank well among the third-rate cruisers of the Federal navy, and would compare very favorably with the average transatlantic passenger steamer of the early eighties. In 1890 the number of the club's steamers between 100 and 200 feet of length was only forty-four. This figure had last year grown to 123, or 50 per cent. of the club's steam fleet.

Turning to the steam and power yachts listed in *Manning's Yacht Register* for 1903, we find no less than 526 of all sizes. *Lloyd's Register* contains 850 names of Canadian and American vessels in this class; but as it embraces many yachts which primarily depend upon their sails for their progress from port to port, the Manning list is the more useful for our present purpose. Upon it also are found the seven yachts over 300 feet in length, and in addition twenty-eight over 200 feet, and 205 of more than 100 feet length. All these are American-built, with the exception of forty, of which thirty-seven are products of English shipyards. Seventeen of the latter are credited to Mr. G. F. Watson alone, and fifty-two of the American boats to Herreshoff. The English vessels include nearly all the largest flying our yacht ensign—and it would therefore appear that the English builder still has the advantage in yacht-making, not only because of his comparative cheapness, but also on account of the greater experience of his designers.

Of the vessels described by Manning, seventy-two have motors in preference to steam engines. The present tendency of gasoline engines to displace the cumbersome steam machinery in boats under one hundred feet is, indeed, one of the most striking evolutions which this form of yachting is undergoing. In cheapness of construction, economy of fuel, ease of handling, as well as in saving of space, the gasoline or naphtha boat has the field almost to itself among small boats, particularly in cases where the cost of running is important, and where great speed is not a desideratum. But neither the popularity of this kind of craft, nor the Spanish war, is wholly responsible for the great increase in steam and power yachts since 1895. While a good many old yachts were worked off on the Government at fabulous prices in 1898, the great prosperity which the country has enjoyed is the prime cause of the addition of 212 new vessels since 1895. In times of financial distress the yacht basins are full of idle boats whose owners cannot afford to commission them, and in all such periods the number of pleasure craft to find their way into the plebeian merchant fleet is perceptibly larger than in ordinary times. But fashions in yachts change; it is the modern yacht that counts. Each year added to a vessel's age decreases its value in a dis-

proportionate ratio as compared with real estate or other property. There are therefore but few old vessels to be found in Manning's book, the oldest being the *Barracouta*, launched in the year 1869. Her contemporaries, never very numerous, have gone the way of all ships, or, under changed and commonplace names, are wearing out their bones in duties never contemplated by their builders and first owners.

In a recent article in the *Rudder*, Mr. W. P. Stephens brought out the fact that the American steam yacht owner has changed very much within the last decade. The *nouveau riche* novice of ten or fifteen years ago wanted great speed and all the comforts of home. His yacht was meant to remind him of a Saratoga or Long Branch caravansary, and it is not surprising that many costly yachts turned out to be practical failures. Now there are coming to be several distinct types, each born of special needs and constructed with some reference to the limitations of the sea and to the demands of the sport—if one may use this word in connection with mastless hulls and high-power engines. There is the ocean-going cruiser, which can enter all seas, with a sustained speed of eighteen knots, and which can stay out in any winds. Next there is the coast-cruising craft about 130 feet in length, luxurious and comfortable, and of no great speed. Still another type is the auxiliary, of ten or twelve knots under steam, with bona-fide masts and sails, and capable of fair speed when under canvas. Of this class *Aloha*, the beautiful square-rigged flagship of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, is perhaps the best example. Finally, there has suddenly grown up the torpedo-boat or "ferry-boat" class, of low, mastless vessels of phenomenal speed, intended to bring their owners down the Hudson or the Sound to business with the speed of the average suburban train. Of this section of the fleet *Arrow*, *Vixen*, *Chicota*, *Zingane*, *Niagara IV.*, are the leaders, just as *Vamoose* and *Now Then* were the pioneers.

Despite the efforts of the American Yacht Club, races between steam yachts have never come into fashion. They are essentially pleasure craft, representing millions and costing vast sums to maintain, with engines too expensive for reckless use. But they are here to stay, and are destined to show the American flag in more and more ports, whatever the fate of our merchant marine, and however dependent they may be upon the fluctuating prosperity of the country.

THE PALACE OF MINOS.—I.

CNOSOS, April 24, 1903.

I came very near making a serious mistake by failing to visit Crete before returning definitively to America. The centre of gravity of Mycenaean art and civilization

has shifted with a vengeance from Mycenæ and Troy to Crete. One who would now study this great field must no longer content himself with working around the circumference. He must go to the centre. Even the less important sites in Crete are yielding rich results. At Palaioakastro, at the extreme eastern end of the island, Mr. Bosanquet, the Director of the British School at Athens, has this year found Mycenaean vases which in quantity and quality far surpass those so carefully collected and published by Furtwängler and Loeschke. This monumental publication is now reduced to the rank of a *Vorarbeit*.

Miss Boyd, our countrywoman, now known in Crete as well as she was formerly known in Greece for high character and devotion to a cause, has taken for herself a sphere of operations near the east end of the island where it narrows to something resembling an isthmus, of a breadth of less than eight miles. In the last three years she has contributed an honorable share to the contents of the museum at Herakleion. At present she is completing the cleaning of a minor Mycenaean palace on a hill called Gournia.

But the great leaders in the excavations of the present time are the two men who have been pioneers in Cretan exploration. Dr. Halbherr, now Professor of Epigraphy in the University at Rome, began explorations in Crete twenty years ago. One of his first achievements was the exploration of the cave on Mt. Ida, which yielded wonderful archaic bronzes along with great shields covered with bronze reliefs of Phœnician technique. Even one year earlier, in 1884, he discovered the great Gortynian law code, by far the longest of Greek archaic inscriptions yet brought to light. In the early nineties, at the suggestion of the late Professor Merriam, who seems to have had a clear vision of what was coming, he was chosen to conduct explorations in Crete in behalf of the Archæological Institute of America. The results of this journey from one end of the island to the other were encouraging for greater undertakings. When one sees this young-looking, clean-cut, lively, and in the highest degree affable man, one can hardly believe that he is the pioneer of whom we have heard so much. Arthur Evans came later into the field, being drawn to Crete in 1894 by his interest in certain pre-Phœnician alphabetic signs, which he believed had their origin in the eastern part of the island among the Eteocretans. In his extensive journey no place arrested his attention so powerfully as Knossos, which yielded a considerable number of these signs. Those were the days of tyranny and unrest in Crete, when no great excavation enterprise could be undertaken; but Evans was wise in his day and generation. The slight excavations which had been made on the site of Knossos sixteen years earlier, by a native Cretan, convinced him that a part of the famous palace of Minos had been discovered. Indeed, W. J. Stillman had nearly come to this conclusion somewhat earlier. Evans's wisdom took practical shape in the gradual purchase of the greater part of the land which covered the ruins. In 1897 the storm burst out, and, after nearly two years of violence and bloodshed, came a settled government; then there was a great rush of archæologists to Crete. Evans was found securely seated in the saddle. Never were startling results more quickly reached than in his first

campaign. To his wisdom was joined the most wonderful luck. Over a wide area he had to deal with only a few feet of earth before he came to the most important discoveries. The wonder grows that so much could have been left when the tops of great gypsum blocks of the palace were actually protruding out of the ground. The explanation is, that there was so much here that the unsystematic plundering of ages had not been able to get it all.

On reaching Herakleion by the Austrian Lloyd boat we were fortunate in finding Mr. Evans in town. It was Sunday, and on that day he rests from his work at Knossos, four miles away, and passes the time in his city residence, a capacious and comfortable Turkish house. Rent is so cheap in this largest city of Crete that both his city house and his country house cost only about half the rent of a shanty in the neighborhood of New York. He does not come to the city for inglorious ease. Sunday serves his purpose for carrying along his process of converting prehistoric areas into fields of luminous history. He spent the greater part of the afternoon in showing us around the museum, where we saw, not altogether superficially, although of course hastily, the principal contents. Professor Halbherr also was in town, but we did not meet him until ten days later. He has selected his sphere of influence near the place of his first triumph, at Gortyna, and, after excavating the great palace of Phaistos, he is now uncovering a smaller palace, about four miles distant, by the seashore. He had interrupted his work for Easter, and as the Greek Easter came in the following week, when most of the days are holidays, he was making a pause of two weeks. Evans's workmen are largely Mohammedans, and so he works right through both weeks.

Reserving the more minute examination of the museum and the survey of Evans's great work at Knossos for the last, we, three of us, with a Turk for a guide, so picturesque in his gay but somewhat soiled attire that he reminded me constantly of Sancho Panza, set out on an eight days' ride through the island. One who will see Crete must get into the saddle, for there are no carriage roads, except one from Herakleion to Knossos, and another, of about equal length, from Suda Bay to Canea, the capital. I resist the temptation to describe those glorious eight days of travel, because my subject is too large without that. I will speak only of Mycenaean remains which must be compared with those of Knossos.

Our first goal was the region where Halbherr has accomplished so much. We went straight across the island at its broadest part, with comparatively little climbing, keeping between the high mountains, Ida and Dicte. Under the new régime of Prince George, from which great things are expected, there is talk of a railroad being laid out somewhere near the line which we followed. Towards evening we came to the village of Hagia Dekka (named after the ten saints who are said to have suffered martyrdom here under Decius, and who have a circular precinct dedicated to them in the middle of the village), lying among the ruins of Gortyna, which in classical and especially in Roman times was a great city, second only to Knossos. We had just time before dark to get a good look at the fa-

mous inscription. The next day we spent among Halbherr's preserves, going first to the farthest point, Hagia Triada, where lies the small palace now being uncovered. Our host Manoli (a nickname for Emmanuel), the representative of the family which has entertained all the strangers who have passed that way for the last forty years, insisted on going with us, and took the Mohammedan guide in tow as if he were of no consequence whatever. Manoli is quite a character; he is the owner of the famous mill which made the study of the law code so difficult, and claims to be the real discoverer of the inscription; at any rate, he has had influence enough to block the efforts of archæologists to get possession of the mill and its surroundings. With his fine horse he set a pace that was rather hard to follow. It seems that he went along partly as a protector of the Mohammedan, who groaned inwardly and sometimes outwardly as we passed Mohammedan villages destroyed by the Christians in 1897-98. In our whole journey we passed about a hundred such villages, and it is no wonder that Hassan groaned. He was not abused anywhere, but he was not treated very cordially. Manoli asked us to tell Evans "to send him no more Mohammedans."

Arrived at Hagia Triada we found a Mycenaean palace, which Halbherr regards as a suburban villa, already pretty well cleared. We missed his personal guidance, but took abundant time to see for ourselves. The complexus of rooms climbs the slope of a low hill, and so has flights of steps and indications of upper stories. So far as one can now judge, the whole considerably surpasses in size the royal palace at Mycenæ. The walls are stuccoed and frescoed; baths abound. Although some of the more important finds had been transferred to Herakleion, quantities of Mycenaean pottery and some of still older date lay in heaps upon the ground. One feature of the recent finds was a great quantity of clay seals, several of which lay in a little pile on the stump of a column. The guard referred to these as "broken bits." One of them, with a Mycenaean woman wearing the flounced skirt so long known from the seal ring found at Mycenæ, which bears also the double axe, was so fine that I wanted to put it in my pocket or else ask the guard to give it to me as "a broken bit"; but, vacillating between the two courses, I finally left it lying there. An archæologist subsequently told me that I was the second man whom he had met who seemed to have a conscience in such matters.

Of the objects recently brought from Hagia Triada into the museum at Herakleion may be mentioned eleven great plaques of bronze about two inches thick, with concave sides and ends. I did not ascertain their weight, but they are commonly believed to be ancient talents. With such money one would be safe from pickpockets, who could not easily make away with pieces of money that weighed at least ten or fifteen pounds apiece. Another attractive object is a small black vase, on which stands erect a ruler with his sceptre, which he strikes on the ground, as if in wrath, while a man, apparently a leader of his forces, stands before him with slightly bowed head as if receiving orders from his superior. Behind the captain stands the army, represented by three men covered by

one enormous shield, which is probably meant for three, that allows only the heads and feet of the warriors to appear. The execution is not particularly fine, but the attitude and expression of king and captain are very effective.

A ride of a little over half an hour brought us to Phaistos, on a high hill somewhat lower than others intervening between it and the sea, which appears, however, in the gaps between them. It is a commanding situation, and was chosen as overlooking the great plain, Messara, which runs deep into the island some thirty miles. This plain, which we traversed lengthwise nearly all the next day, is clearly a lake bottom between the backbone of the island over which we had already come and a narrow chain of high mountains running parallel to it on the south side, shutting it off from the sea. This character of a lake bottom appeared most plainly as we got our first sight of it, coming from Herakleion. The water ultimately forced its way out into the sea by Hagia Triada. That this great plain, the largest in Crete, could have been the permanent property of two cities, Gortyna and Phaistos, is unlikely. Until some clear traces of Mycenaean remains are found at Gortyna, we may be sure that Phaistos was the first in control, and that Gortyna supplanted it, much as Argos supplanted Mycenae. The fact that Epimenides came from Phaistos to purify and pacify troubled Athens would seem to indicate that the city at that early date had a long period of settled tranquillity behind it. The palace itself, however, is the most eloquent witness to the power that was enthroned there. It extends approximately three hundred feet in each direction, so that beside it the palace of Mycenae is dwarfed. We shall doubtless continue to use the term Mycenaean from the simple accident that Mycenae was the first city of the period to be brought to light. Its importance was also increased by the lucky discovery of its royal graves. Should the royal graves of Phaistos or Chossus some day be found, even that preëminence will be taken from it, and it might be deemed worthy of some vassal of the kings who dwelt in these stately palaces.

Everything in the palace of Phaistos is on a grand scale: the corridors are broad, the courts are spacious, the traces of a second story are abundant. Under the present form of the palace may be seen traces of an earlier one, which can hardly be dated later than 2000 B. C. Among the many interesting objects found in the palace of Phaistos may be mentioned the upper part of a vase, I should say of gray alabaster, with a band of figures carved upon it, representing, as Halbherr thinks, a band of warriors, though most people seem to believe that it is a harvest festival. The musicians who lead the procession are beautifully carved, and have a wonderful expression of animation. There is no choicer gem in the museum at Herakleion.

RUFUS B. RICHARDSON.

WATTEAU.

PARIS, May 20.

The painter Watteau may be called one of the most characteristic exponents of French art in its most graceful form. It is impossible even for those who are only slightly familiar with the French

art of the past century not to recognize at first sight a picture or a drawing by Watteau. Those who admire his work will read with interest and pleasure his biography, which has just been written by M. Virgile Jozs. This author, without any preface, transports us at once to Valenciennes, the birthplace of Watteau, one of those northern towns touched by a ray of Flemish art, of the art of Antwerp, Bruges, Brussels, and Ghent. The Watteaus were burghers of the town; Jean Antoine was born there on the 10th of October, 1684. He proved too weak to adopt a manual occupation requiring strength, and entered as a boy the studio of a painter of Valenciennes, now quite unknown, named Gérin, and profited by his instruction for three years. His father died in 1702, and he was left alone at the age of eighteen. He set out for Paris in quest of fortune, and found work at the house of a man who sold little devotional portraits and objects, which were manufactured by the dozen. Some young apprentices painted the skies, others the heads, the draperies, etc. (There are to this day manufactures of such devotional pictures, which have a large market.) Young Watteau had a specialty: he was so accustomed to a particular saint that he afterwards told a friend, "I know my Saint Nicholas by heart." For this tedious work he received three livres at the end of the week, but he was allowed soup every day.

He made the acquaintance of a painter who was not much more fortunate than himself, Jean Jacques Spoëde, commonly called Sponde, who became his intimate friend. He also got acquainted with Gillot, whose name is still remembered, and who is generally considered the real master of Watteau. Watteau really had no master, but Gillot familiarized him with the Italian Theatre and with those Italian types, Harlequin, Pantaloon, Trivelin, etc., which became his favorites. After some time Gillot and Watteau quarrelled. "Never," says Gersaint, "were there more similar characters; but as they had the same defects, never were there more incompatible characters." Caylus adds: "They separated on bad terms, and all the gratitude which Watteau could show his master during the remainder of his life reduced itself to profound silence; he did not like people to inquire particularly about their friendship and their rupture. As to his works, he praised them and did not deny the obligations he was under to him." Watteau went to live in the Petit-Luxembourg with Audran, an artist and a decorator, and helped him in his work; he painted at the time four panels, which were a few years ago in a hôtel in the Rue de Poitiers: The Faun; Folly; Momus; The Toper. At a recent sale two of these panels fetched a high price.

Watteau had now found his manner; he was a decorator as well as a painter. To this period belongs one of his masterpieces, "Le Dénicheur de Moineaux." While he was at the Luxembourg he could study at ease the magnificent pictures of Rubens in the great gallery, and he became a colorist. In 1709 he sent a picture for the *Grand Prix de Rome*, but did not obtain it. He was much discouraged and left for Valenciennes in disgust. He then painted some military scenes, but after a while he returned to Paris. He was twenty-seven years old, and was in bad health. He fortunately this

time found a picture dealer who recognized and valued his extraordinary talent, and who made life easy for him. There are few great painters nowadays who do not in the early part of their life owe to some intelligent picture dealer the ease of mind necessary for quiet production. The name of this providential dealer who assisted Watteau was Sirois, who lived in the Quai Neuf. Watteau, just returned from Flanders, where war was raging, painted first for him two military scenes, "Camp volant" (engraved by Cochin), and the "Détachement faisant Alte" (Alte is on the engraving for *halte*). He afterwards painted "Retour de Campagne."

At Sirois's, Watteau fortunately made the acquaintance of Mariette, so famous among artists and amateurs. Delivered from the daily cares of life, Watteau could follow the impulse of his individual genius; he cared very little for money, he cared chiefly for independence, and he now felt independent. It was also at Sirois's that Watteau became acquainted with Lesage, who had already given to the stage "Crispin rival de son maître," "Turcaret," a play which is still in the repertory of the French Theatre, and who was putting the last touches to the famous "Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane." We read in a letter from Sirois:

"This original [meaning Watteau], who makes pictures as freely as Monsieur Lesage makes comedies and books, with the difference that Monsieur Lesage is sometimes satisfied with his books and comedies, and that the poor Watteau is never satisfied with his pictures (which does not hinder him from being one of the present kings of the brush), has promised to paint for me a 'Festa de la Foire,' on which I have advanced him a hundred livres of the three hundred livres we bargained for. It will be his masterpiece if he puts the last touch to it; but if he is seized again by his black devils, we may say good-bye to the *chef d'œuvre*. The doctor has put him on a regimen of quinine."

In the same letter we are informed that Watteau was painting two scenes from the "Diable Boiteux" at the price of one hundred and thirty livres each. These two pictures have never been seen in our time; perhaps they never were painted.

It was a piece of good fortune for Watteau to make the acquaintance of the famous collector Crozat, so well known to this day by his admirable collections. Crozat built a house on land, then deserted, where the great boulevards of Paris now extend; he filled it with marvellous works of art, pictures, busts, bronzes, drawings by the great masters. Though he was a contractor, he was a good and generous man; he took an interest in Watteau, and gave him orders. Watteau painted for him the "Seasons" (all four of which have been engraved) on panels.

In 1712, Watteau, urged by his friends, decided to become a candidate for the Academy of Fine Arts. He was obliged to paint a picture on a given subject, but he did not put his hand to it for several years. He found a new patron in M. de Julienne, who afterwards consecrated a real fortune, four hundred thousand livres, to build a monument to the painter—four volumes containing each six hundred engravings. This rare book has for its title "L'Œuvre d'Antoine Watteau, peintre du Roy en son Académie Royale de peinture et de sculpture, gravé d'après ses tableaux et dessins originaux, tirés du cabinet du Roy et des plus curieux

de l'Europe, par les soins de M. de Jullienne à Paris.' There were only a hundred copies of these four admirable folios. Watteau twice painted the portrait of Jullienne, his great admirer. One of these portraits is now in the collection of M. Groult, which contain so many masterpieces and is open only to the "happy few." It has been well engraved by Champollion.

Watteau had among his pupils Pater and Lancret, but Lancret soon took a line of his own; he became essentially a realistic—it may be said a domestic—painter, while Watteau remained always poetical and imaginative, even when he painted scenes of ordinary life. Crozat was so impressed by the talent of Watteau that he finally gave him a place in his own hôtel; it was just the sort of decoration which suited the talent of Watteau. He had no more cares; he was surrounded by beautiful works of art, brought by Crozat from Italy; he lived in a sort of dream; and his genius felt the effect of all this ease and beauty. He heard the best of music in the concerts given by Crozat. This was the period of the "Fidèle" (in the Groult collection), of the "Guitariste" (now in the Museum of Vienna), of the "Concert" (belonging to the Emperor of Germany), of the "Leçon de Musique" (in the Wallace collection). Crozat had a magnificent collection of drawings by the old masters, and this probably led Watteau to make many drawings himself—mere studies, which were not always intended to serve for large paintings. Generally made *à la sanguine*, with a red pencil, these drawings would suffice to make him famous. They are the real expression of all his thoughts, his admirations, and his dreams. They are not signed, but it is impossible not to recognize them at first sight. Jullienne said of them: "We hope the public will view with favor the drawings of the celebrated Watteau. They are conceived in a novel spirit; they have graces so allied to the mind of the author that we can safely say they are inimitable." Voltaire, on the contrary, wrote: "Watteau is a Flemish painter who worked in Paris, where he died a few years ago. He was successful in the little figures which he drew and which he grouped well; but he never did anything great; he was incapable of it."

Among the drawings left by Watteau to M. de Jullienne there is one which is his own portrait. He is represented with a pencil in his hand, sitting on a portfolio. Rosalba made a portrait of him which has been lost. In the portrait given to M. de Jullienne, Watteau has a sad, melancholy expression; his health was delicate; he could not stay long anywhere. He left the home of Crozat and returned to that of his father-in-law; he liked an independent life, and was fond of obscurity. The noise of Crozat's house fatigued him. He liked to walk for hours on the quays of the Seine. He was of an unstable disposition; he made rapid journeys to Italy, to London, where he painted pictures for a Doctor Mead. He remained about a year in London, from 1719 to 1720. On his return to Paris he painted several pictures, though his health was falling; he had conceived a sort of horror for the town, and spent most of his time in the neighborhood and the faubourgs of the capital. He longed to return to Valenciennes. Jullienne made a sale of his effects, which produced 3,000 livres. Imme-

diately after, the painter was seized with a chill, and died in the month of August, 1721. The *Mercure* inserted this note: "The Fine Arts have suffered a great loss in the person of the Sieur Watteau, professor at the Royal Academy of Painting, who died of consumption at the age of thirty-seven, an age fatal to painting. The famous Raphael of Urbino and Eustache Le Sueur died at that age."

Correspondence.

COLONIAL LOVE OF TITLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the review of Willison's Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at least one sentence occurs which calls for comment. It is this:

"The political cable which binds Canada to the Imperial country has, by successive concessions of self-government, been worn to the last strand; and of that strand about the strongest thread is the extraordinary craving of Colonials for Imperial titles and decorations."

If this statement were solitary, I should not have noticed it, but it crops up constantly in some shape or other in the most intelligent discussions of our affairs in American journals and more deliberate works. It is not only incorrect, grotesquely incorrect, but the very opposite might be maintained. It was not in the days of the Family Compact, not in the time of direct government from Downing Street, not even in the agony of the Great Mutiny, but in the later crisis of national defeat, in the era of the "last strand," that Canadians volunteered by the thousands to fight the battles of the Empire. Your reviewer may think what he pleases of the war, but to commit himself to such an opinion in view of the history of the last three years is to show either ignorance or inability to interpret plain facts.

Again, such a statement will be felt by most Canadians like a slap in the face. There are some five millions of us; there may be some few hundred titles. How many "Colonials" can be ordering their lives to secure a title? How many who win them are sufficiently influential to be considered a "thread" in the "last strand"? Strange as it may seem, there have even been notable Canadians who have refused titles and have been applauded for so doing. Knowing something of both Canada and the United States, I have no hesitation in stating that in some respects Canada is the more truly democratic country of the two.

Your reviewer is to be congratulated upon his mysterious Machiavelli, the unnamed "low agent of the South African Company," who seduced the upright Sir Wilfrid. This most potent villain seems to have entered on the stage of Canadian politics direct from a romance by Dumas or Eugène Sue.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

GANANOQUE, ONTARIO, May 26, 1903.

[If a number of young Canadians joined the British army for the South African war, a far larger number enlisted in the army of the United States for the war of secession. The martial impulse, whatever its source or inducements,

could hardly be deemed a "strand" in the permanent cable of political connection which has been attenuated by successive concessions of self-government.

The influence of titles and decorations and of the power of bestowing them in British politics is notorious. It appears to be still greater in the colonies. The other day, in Canada, Imperial decorations were solicited and received for an encounter with Fenians which took place in 1866. The *Canadian Almanack* gives a list of "Titled Canadians" forming a sort of miniature peerage. This is hardly "democratic." Some years ago, Mr. Edgar, afterwards Speaker of the Dominion Parliament, brought forward a motion against the prodigal use of Imperial titles, saying that he had a "strong prejudice against Canadians holding titles which did not directly or indirectly come from the Canadian people." Mr. Edgar afterwards himself accepted a title, thereby perhaps illustrating in his own person the force of the attraction.

If Mr. MacMechan doubts that an agent of the South African Company was busy at Ottawa and found access to the Premier, a little inquiry will probably dispel his doubt.—THE NATION'S REVIEWER.]

THE MACABEBES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was interested in your editorial on Commissioner Ide's talk. Are you not, however, mistaken as to the native troops being "nearly all Macabebes"? There are perhaps 8,000 Philippine scouts attached to the regular army. Among them are respectively more Ilocanos, Tagalogs, and Visayans than Macabebes, while the other Christianized tribes are also represented. The Macabebes are only the people of one town and its outlying barrios in the lower part of Pampanga province, and, at a guess, there are not over 2,000 able-bodied men of military age among them. Your editorial gives the inference that the constabulary, the native police force of the civil Government, contains Macabebes. The last I knew of it personally it did not, unless they were stray members, and I think it safe to say it does not now and will not contain Macabebes.—Very truly yours,

JAMES A. LE ROY.

SANTA FE, N. M., May 28, 1903.

MEMOIRS OF THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE MUSEUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your kind notice of Memoir No. 2, on "The Architectural Refinements of St. Mark's at Venice," in the series of Memoirs of Art and Archaeology now in course of publication by Macmillan for the Brooklyn Institute Museum, has come to my attention. Your suggestion is especially noted and gratefully appreciated, that a monumental and complete publication on the mediæval architectural refinements is to be desired.

Will you kindly allow me to say that subscribers to these Museum Memoirs will

to some extent at least (if my life is spared) be able to obtain for themselves such a complete publication? Although these Memoirs are simply announced, so far, as serial publications, appearing at irregular intervals, and although the one you have just noticed, on St. Mark's at Venice, is the first of any great extent, they are intended to form a connected publication, the parts of which may be bound together in one or more volumes, and which will supply such a complete publication as you suggest.

This explanation anticipates the issue of a circular by the Macmillan Co. calling attention to the two memoirs already published, and announcing others as in preparation. As I have absolutely no financial interest in these publications, which are made in the cause of archaeological science, and as part of my routine work as a curator in the Brooklyn Museum, I trust that you will publish this announcement, which is made on behalf of the Director of our Museum, and by his authority.

Very truly yours, WM. H. GOODYEAR.
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, May 30, 1903.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation a translation of Bismarck's Letters to his wife during the war of 1870-71, which have just appeared in Berlin.

For current issue Charles Scribner's Sons promise 'Our Feathered Game: A Handbook for Sportsmen,' by Dwight W. Huntington; 'Introduction to Classical Greek Literature,' by Prof. William Cranston Lawton; 'Our Government, National and Local,' by Profs. James A. James and Albert H. Sanford; 'Intarsia and Marquetry,' by F. Hamilton Jackson, and 'The New Life' of Dante, containing the Italian text with an English translation, edited by Luigi Ricci.

Macmillan Co. publish directly 'The United States' volume in the Cambridge Modern History series, and announce for the autumn a biography of John Fiske; 'Boston, the Place and the People,' by M. A. DeWolfe Howe; and the first two volumes of Herbert W. Paul's 'History of Modern England.'

John Lane is about to publish Shakspeare's Poems in one volume, uniform with the thirty-six volumes of the Vale Press edition of the Plays; 'Life in the Mercantile Marine,' by Charles Protheroe; and a new and revised edition of Dr. Richard Garnett's 'Twilight of the Gods.'

'German Ambitions as They Affect Britain and the United States of America' is an immediate addition to Messrs. Putnam's "Questions of the Day" series.

'Mr. Chamberlain: His Life and Public Career,' by S. H. Jeyes, is in the press of E. J. Clode, No. 156 Fifth Avenue.

Professor Hopkin's book, 'Great Epochs in Art History,' was duly reviewed in these columns a year and a half ago. A second edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) shows that the subjects treated have a general interest, and that the treatment of them has given pleasure to many readers. It appears that the book has not been changed since the first edition, except in having been carefully revised. As we turn the pages anew we note the very interesting discussion of sacred, or religious, or Bibli-

cal painting which comes naturally into the article on "Italian Religious Painting." A singular confession of timidity and lack of artistic purpose is put into the mouth of the Englishman Millais (p. 51), and a more extended examination of this paper reveals a great deal of that most important knowledge for the traveller—the information given by guide-books modified by the reasons for choice of place to visit, choice of paintings to study, and choice of masters to follow.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn's second monograph on the Concord philosophers, 'The Personality of Emerson' (Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed), is again an equal revelation of his own personality and personal history, which supplies the chronological progression of an otherwise rambling discourse, with some repetitiousness. The lights and sidelights on Emerson, however, are numerous, and the essay will be prized. There are some instances of Emerson's not happy judgment on his own verse in emendation or omission upon republication. The story, which he refused to believe, of John Adams's calling Washington a dolt recalls an anecdote, perhaps relating to a different occasion, of Adams's saying of the Father of his Country, "That old mutton-head made his reputation by keeping his mouth shut." Neither true, nor handsome; but such were the animosities of the time. The book is elegantly printed, but the Scott portrait, so highly praised by Mr. Sanborn, should have been better engraved or simply photographed. Compare, for example, the fine photograph (from life) prefixed to the second edition of Mr. John Albee's 'Reminiscences of Emerson' which we praised two years ago (New York: Robert Grier Cook).

We are tardy in noticing, with the praise which it deserves, Alice Bertha Kroeger's 'Guide to the Study and Use of Reference Books,' one of the A. L. A. series of Annotated Lists (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It passes in review the best encyclopædias, dictionaries, concordances, year-books, anthologies, etc., etc., in a classification which is made readily available by an exhaustive index of twenty pages in triple columns. Here one may find the books which indicate the best reading for children, and at the end a suggestive list of 100 reference books for a small library. There is frequent evaluation of the works enumerated, original or selected from critical authorities, and a helpful discourse relieves the barrenness of a bare catalogue. Librarians liable to be pestered by recurrent questions—as from school children set to investigate some subject—are recommended to keep their answers in readiness for fresh use; and we are told that "in many public libraries it is necessary to keep a card index of titles of poems" to meet inquiries.

'Gleanings of Virginia History,' by William Fletcher Boogher (Washington), is made up partly of notes and documents of the Colonial and Revolutionary period, and partly of genealogical records of well-known Virginian families. For students of Virginian history and genealogy it should have considerable interest, and it has the merit of being carefully indexed.

The Proceedings of the Vermont Historical Society for 1901-2, while they reveal the inert condition of this institution, possess no little intrinsic interest. There is

a biographical sketch of the late Benjamin F. Stevens, with a portrait like enough to the late Charles A. Dana; a paper, by Dr. D. S. Kellogg, pretty well fortified, on "Early Mention of Events and Places in the Valley of Lake Champlain," and another, justifiably laudatory, on "Ethan Allen's Use of Language." This forcible if ungrammatical writer, speaking, in one of his pamphlets, of the lynching of the agents of the land-jobbers, says the Green Mountain Boys "chastised them with the whips of the wilderness, the growth of the land which they coveted."

There is no lack of vitality in the Virginia Historical Society, to judge from the April number of its *Virginia Magazine*, completing the tenth volume. Publication from the State archives proceeds copiously along with Mr. Withington's "Virginia Gleanings in England," including Mr. Waters's unpublished store for this colony, and a further account of the Farrar Papers at Magdalene College, Cambridge, with a facsimile of John Poey's autograph, 1619, he being the Secretary of Virginia and Speaker of the first House of Burgesses. The John Brown correspondence is continued, and contains two sound prophecies from opposite sides—one, of the condemned Copeland, Brown's associate—"It is true that the outbreak at Harper's Ferry did not give immediate freedom to the slaves of this country, but it is the prelude to that great event"; the other, of one Snow, a Kentuckian with a very heated imagination, in Detroit, telling of plans to liberate Brown—"Unless the South is warned and armed in time, we shall have one of the most terrific civil wars that ever disgraced the annals of history, ancient or modern." We remark further a ghost story on page 437 which is accredited as telepathic by reference to "the art of photography and wireless telegraphy in the physical world." Finally, we must draw attention to the frontispiece view of "Bewley," in Lancaster Co., Va., the seat of the Ball family, a fine and individual specimen of Southern architecture, with an unusual double rank of dormer windows in the high-pitched roof. The detached servants' quarters add to the picturesqueness of the view.

From Randolph-Macon College comes in final form the annual publication of "The John P. Branch Historical Papers" (No. 3), consisting of "short biographical sketches of men who have had great influence in shaping Virginia's history," almost exclusively prepared by college students. This is an interesting experiment and must furnish excellent discipline. It is announced that the historical resources of the college library are inadequate, and friendly aid in repairing this deficiency is bespoken by the editor, Prof. William E. Dodd. Ritchie of the *Richmond Inquirer* of ante-bellum days, and Secretary Upshur, one of the victims of the gun explosion on the *Princeton*, are among the notabilities commemorated in the present issue. George Mason and George C. Dromgoole will figure in next year's. Some inedited historical matter, chiefly correspondence, ekes out a pamphlet of 100 pages.

The twenty-seventh annual report of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts fitly opens with a memorial sketch of the late director, Gen. Charles Greely Loring. His successor, Mr. Edward Robinson, and his associates have to tell of the creation of a

department of Egyptian Art, with a full curator, more than half the collection of antiquities proceeding from the Egypt Exploration Fund; of the appointment of an assistant curator of classical antiquities, and of a keeper of paintings, who has rearranged the galleries most satisfactorily; of the loss, also, by ill-health, of the curator of the department of Japanese art. His colleague, Professor Morse, keeper of Japanese pottery, announces that the Museum's duplicate collection, "in provinces, potters, and signatures, far outnumbers the largest collections of Japanese pottery in Europe as represented by their published catalogues." The chief addition to the paintings has been a small canvas by Paul Veronese; but a painting heretofore ascribed to Rembrandt and bearing his name and date seems, after removal of the varnish, convincingly his. A notable bequest has been the William Arnold Buffum collection of objects in amber; and by the courtesy of the Berlin Museum a full-size cast of the Colleoni equestrian statue in Venice has been procurable by a private donor. The curator of the print department calls attention to its collection of 3,400 Daumier lithographs.

The annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Library tells of recent purchases having given this institution "an entirely new and important position as a depositary of Sanskrit MSS. of high antiquity"; also, the earliest signature of Sir Thomas Bodley which the library possesses; and, most singular of all, "the first and fourth leaves of the Life of S. Petronilla, printed by Richard Pinson about 1495. The Library already possessed the second and third leaves among the 'Douce fragments'; the purchase of these other two makes the work complete; it is not in the British Museum." Attention may be drawn to the acme of close yet accessible storage devised in the Old Ashmolean basement, which was "divided into two storeys, with an open iron lattice-work floor, and fitted up with iron wheeling cases, which were filled with closed sections of fiction removed from the Bodleian and Sheldonian basement."

"The Restoration of the Ancient Irrigation Works on the Tigris; or, the Recreation of Chaldea," was the subject of an address before the Khedivial Geographical Society by Sir William Willcocks recently published in Cairo. With plans and diagrams are described the two great irrigation systems of the ancients on either bank of the river, which, in a length of some 240 miles, must have sufficed to irrigate nearly 2,000,000 acres of extremely fertile but now waste land. Sir William ascribes their ruin not to the devastations of barbarians, but to the sudden shifting of the bed of the Tigris. According to Arrian, however, many of the irrigation dams were cut by Alexander in order to improve the navigation of the river. Among historical allusions is the interesting suggestion that "Nebuchadnezzar erected his golden image probably to commemorate a thorough restoration" of the Nahrwân Canal. While much of the Mesopotamian land has become too saline to repay any outlay on its improvement, there still remain some 2,800,000 acres which might profitably be reclaimed and cultivated. The expense of canalization, earthworks, and weirs is estimated at \$100,000,000, but it is believed that the return

would be \$300,000,000. "These figures may seem large," the lecturer adds, "but we are in one of the most famous agricultural tracts in the world, a tract whose past history justifies us in expecting that great results will follow if we bring to the solution of our problems the same wisdom which the wise men of Chaldea brought to the problems of their day."

The *Annales de Géographie* for May opens with an appreciative and extended notice of Mr. F. S. Hall's census report on the localization of industries in the United States. The report's peculiar interest to the student lies in its enabling him to measure the influence of the historic factor in "human geography." In America, "we always know the date at which, the form under which, this historic factor has manifested itself. We know that in such a year [1750] a Welsh shoemaker laid the foundation of his industry at Lynn; we know exactly when the first refrigerator car left the stock-yards of Chicago for the port of Boston, and what has been the influence of this new fact on the localization of meat-packing." The other important articles are upon the régime of the Vistula, and the Sahara Oranais in southwestern Algeria. In this region are still to be found traces of the great Jewish population of the fifteenth century. Most of the inhabitants now are negroes, but it is uncertain whether they are the descendants of an aboriginal race or were brought thither as slaves. Professor A. Lacroix describes the last eruptions of St. Vincent in March, 1903, with some striking photographs.

An interesting ethnological experiment is the attempt which is being made in Germany to reawaken in the Jews their long-dormant love for the cultivation of the soil through an agricultural school. It was opened ten years ago at Ahlem, near Hanover, with nine pupils, who have now increased to more than one hundred, ninety-two boys and twenty-six girls. The instruction up to the age of fourteen is that of the elementary schools, and then follows, for the boys, a three years' course in horticulture and agriculture. According to Mr. Jay White, our consul at Hanover, "a number of the students after leaving Ahlem have found good positions as gardeners near New York and Philadelphia, and their employers are reported to be well satisfied with their services."

—The leading article of serious interest in the June *Scribner's* is Brig.-Gen. William H. Carter's account of the War Department, on the side of its military administration. The administration of civil government by the War Department is reserved for a future article by Judge Charles E. Magoon. Gen. Carter sketches the work of the Department rapidly from the beginning down to the present time, naturally dealing more fully with the past five years. He admits the failure to rise to the occasion at the beginning of the war with Spain. "Tampa will always be to the army and the people a synonym of blunder and reproach." He admits, also, that the army has not come unscathed out of the discussion of its conduct in the Philippines, but intimates quite clearly that continued Republican successes at the polls are sufficient to wipe out the stain. Noticeable is the apparent assumption that McKinley's actions after the disaster to the *Maine* were

intended merely to gain time for preparation for an inevitable conflict, and not to secure a peaceful settlement; also, in the closing paragraph, the assumption that the great wave of prosperity which the country has enjoyed for the past few years is simply a result of the Spanish war—no particulars given. Edward Whympster contributes a well illustrated account of his adventures among the Canadian Rockies, in the Banff region, where he spent the summer of 1901, accompanied by four professional mountaineers from Europe. Russell Sturgis considers the proposed building for art exhibitions in New York city, pleading for such a structure as will furnish ample room for special exhibitions of individual societies, occasional general displays, and comfortable quarters for the various societies in their routine work as organizations.

—The *Century* and *Harper's* each have a morsel for the archaeologist in their June *menu*. In the latter we have a detailed description of the methods by which the successive strata of Tel el-Jezair are being excavated and studied by Alexander Macalister, under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The results indicate that six different cities have occupied the site, and that it became substantially a *tabula rasa* during each intervening period. The oldest occupation left a record of semi-savage conditions, showing no trace of the use of metals. In the second stratum, flint and bone implements and ornaments are mingled with copper and bronze. Rectangular houses were constructed, though of uncut stone. The third layer shows improvement in buildings, tools, and ornaments, presenting types which seem to relate it to the period of the middle empire in Egypt. The inhabitants of the second and third cities are supposed to have belonged to the earliest waves of Semitic immigration, the ancestors of the tribes in possession at the time of the Israelitish invasion. The fourth stratum shows traces of the use of iron, but in the art of building is not abreast of the third. Aegean influences appear in the pottery. The parts of the two upper strata so far uncovered are not of great importance, and further work is at present delayed by an outbreak of cholera. In the *Century*, Howard Crosby Butler describes the deserted cities of Northern Central Syria, a region about as large as the State of New York, which has been apparently almost entirely uninhabited for thirteen centuries, and as yet scarcely touched by modern explorers. The problem of the desertion of this region, after it had been for generations the seat of an advanced Greek and Roman civilization, Mr. Butler answers tentatively, but with considerable confidence, on the hypothesis of a wholesale destruction of its forests for timber, by which the soil was exposed to such disastrous erosion that it was finally abandoned.

—The pen of Goldwin Smith was never more effective than in his paper on the "Cult of Napoleon," in the June *Atlantic*. The world's debt to Napoleon is a vast recrudescence of militarism, with its attendant barbarities; Caesarism, with its dead-level equality beneath the Cæsar in lieu of real freedom; above all, a "dazzling example of immoral success and renown." The one lasting benefit of his career is to be found in the fact that the final ruin of his schemes

cut away from his country the territorial accessions of the whole Revolutionary period, thus leaving France within bounds too narrow to endanger the balance of power. Oswald Garrison Villard contributes a paper on the "Negro in the Regular Army," showing from the facts of our own military history since the outbreak of the Rebellion that the negro can be depended upon as a courageous, intelligent, and loyal element in our armies. A notable fact in connection with apologies for lynching is the freedom of our colored troops in the Philippines from participation in the notorious water-torture. Dr. John Bascom writes of "Changes in College Life," devoting himself largely to the effects of the multitude of new studies which have been crowding into the college curricula during the past few decades. A key to much that he has to say in this line may be found in the words, "An institution whose ostensible purpose is to teach a young man anything he may wish to know, may mean an institution a large per cent. of whose members learn very little to any purpose." President Eliot's suggestive address at the Boston Emerson Centenary, as well as the ode for the same occasion by Professor Woodberry, is reproduced in this issue. The orator strains the comparison of Emersonian ideals with the recent trend in their direction, and in some particulars does not exalt his subject. A signal instance of this is his showing that Emerson twice, as an Overseer of Harvard College, voted against abolishing compulsory prayers. This is flatly unthinkable.

—The architecture of the Renaissance in England has been very fully covered in such admirable old books as Nash's 'Mansions' and of late in Gotch's monograph on the earlier part of the period, and in Belcher and McCartney's equally excellent work upon the latter part, and especially in Blomfield's History of the whole period; yet, curiously enough, no book has hitherto been devoted to the interior woodwork of the style, and this in spite of the fact that the woodwork is highly characteristic of its several periods. 'English Interior Woodwork of the XVIth, XVIIth, and XVIIIth Centuries,' by Henry Tanner, jr. (London: Batsford; New York: Scribner), was undertaken in order to exhibit the best examples of chimney-pieces, panelling, staircases, doors, screens, etc., by measured drawings and descriptive notes. The drawings are skilfully presented, and are made with such accuracy as to be of use not only to the student of the style, but to architects generally, and indeed to that ever-increasing class which takes a more than casual interest in architecture and the arts associated with it. The examples chosen illustrate the more important phases of the style, as, first, the very beautiful woodwork made by Italians in England at the time of Henry VIII., work which left singularly little impress on the native art; second, Elizabethan and Jacobean woodwork, in which classic models, coming by way of Germany and the Netherlands, were so perverted as often to be scarcely recognizable; third, work of the time when Inigo Jones rescued the style from its crudities, and when Wren carried it to its culminating point, when woodwork, adorned by the carvings of Grinling Gibbons, reached a higher level than ever before or since, in England. Mr. Tanner's book will hold an honorable position among those of the most serious char-

acter devoted to the architecture of the long period between the last of the Henrys and the first of the Georges.

—The great 'Dictionary of National Biography,' brought to its successful completion by Mr. Sidney Lee, has just been capped by a conformable volume called an "Index and Epitome" (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Macmillan). The inconvenience of putting your hand on any one of sixty-six volumes in a split alphabet is already considerable, but a further labor awaits the attempt to track the desired personage, especially when the name is a common one and is illustrated by a great number of individuals. Again, we may be seeking a hasty identification, and must find our clue in incident or publication among, say, all the Joneses or Robinsons, or such of them as have the same prenomens. To bring the whole body of the Dictionary, then, within the compass of 1,456 pages effects at once an enormous saving in handling, and vastly facilitates comparison for the purposes just named. Inclusion and omission are revealed at a glance; and all those vexatious cross-references from titled name to family name have their sting deftly extracted by being lodged between two covers. Finally, there is the gain of having the sub-entries brought up into the main alphabet. Take at random the wood-engraver John Thompson (1785-1866). The article devoted to him in volume 56 includes his younger brother, Charles, and son, Charles Thurston. Both these were properly entered in the index to the volume in question; but in the "Index and Epitome" they are accorded the same independent prominence as John Thompson or any of the greatest names on England's beadroll. The result is a work of reference eminently desirable to possess apart from the major collection, since, with all the compression of particulars, "room has been found for all memorable achievements with the dates of their accomplishment, for titles of an author's chief books with dates of publication, for notices of scientific inventions, for dates of institution to offices, and detailed particulars of education." Each name has a reference to volume and page of the parent work. There-duction has had for its norm the proportion of 1 to 14, and has been remarkably carried out for the longer biographies. Leslie Stephen's compact Carlyle, for example, in thirty-four columns, is here condensed into half a column (of fine type). We must remind our readers once more that to a large extent this Dictionary embraces the elder American worthies, like Gov. Bradford and his namesake the New York and Philadelphia printer; Myles Standish, John Harvard, Roger Williams, the Mathers, the Winthrops, Thomas Hutchinson, Sir W. Pepperell, and many more.

—As we summon the nations to celebrate with us the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, we are apt to forget that to one of the invited guests the anniversary recalls anything but cheerful memories. In the May number of *La España Moderna*, Sr. Jerónimo Becker, Archivist of the Ministry of State, gives the history of the cession from a Spanish point of view. He rehearses in detail the familiar story of the transfer of Louisiana to Spain in 1763, in compensation for the loss of Florida to England, and of the tricky bargain by which

Napoleon recovered the Territory, with six men-of-war to boot, in return for the bestowal upon the Duke of Parma of the improvised "Kingdom of Etruria"; Napoleon pledging himself never to alienate the Territory to a third Power. According to Sr. Becker, Talleyrand even went so far as to assure the Spanish Government, in return for the sum of \$1,000,000 duly paid and another million promised, that the cession was to be merely ostensible, and that Spain might keep her province, after all! Three years later, the unscrupulous First Consul had sold Louisiana to the Americans; the Americans were laying claim to the Floridas as a part of their purchase; and the "Kingdom of Etruria" was still dominated by French bayonets. No wonder that Sr. Becker calls our joyful anniversary "a very sad date." A curious sequel to the story is that, in 1815, the Spanish Ministry entertained hopes of regaining Louisiana by the action of the Congress of Vienna. Labrador, the Spanish emissary, was urged to make every effort for restitution. Of this project he easily saw the futility, but he devised an ingenious plan of recovery of his own. The English, he wrote on February 13, were now in possession of New Orleans (or so it was believed in Vienna), and thereby virtually in occupation of the entire Territory. Though they were bound by the Treaty of Ghent to respect the American possession of Louisiana, this must be distasteful to them, and perhaps they would prefer to hand it over to Spain. The Duke of Wellington, he added, had personally expressed his approval of this arrangement. Of course, when this scheme was broached at London, it led to nothing. Sr. Becker has not forgiven France, but he nowhere expresses any resentment at the conduct of America. A curious limitation in his treatment of the whole historical question is that he seems to regard it solely as a matter of diplomacy and of documentary title, and closes his eyes to the fact that, whether Spanish rulers and statesmen were weak or strong, foolish or wise, their authority within the present boundaries of the United States was inevitably destined to be swept away by the tide of American expansion.

A GEOGRAPHICAL STUDY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN EAST.

The Nearer East. By D. G. Hogarth, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: William Heinemann; New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1902.

This volume forms one of a series of geographical handbooks to (or rather, perhaps, monographs on) different regions of the world, the first of which, that on the British Isles, by Mr. Mackinder, the editor of the series, was noticed in these columns a few months ago. The idea of the series is excellent. It is to present a compendious account of the physical phenomena of various parts of the earth's surface as an introduction to, and preparation for, the study of their history, describing each department of these phenomena with an eye to the influence which they have respectively exerted on the progress of the various races of man which have there grown up. Nothing is more characteristic of the new direction given both to history and to geography in our time than the sense

which has begun to pervade the students of each subject that the relation between them is intimate and pervasive. Geography is now rightly regarded as one of the foundations, and indeed the chief foundation, of history; history as the crown of geography, because it gives to geographical facts a deeper significance, and suggests aspects which geographers themselves had formerly overlooked. This point of view is rigorously adhered to in the present volume. Though more than four-fifths of it is occupied with matters which belong to the sphere of physical geography, it is not a treatise on physical geography, for it handles the facts of that science, not in and for themselves, but only in so far as they directly affect the life of man. Both in the scheme and in the execution of the book the clearness with which the writer has conceived his theme and the rigor with which he has adhered to the lines prescribed are conspicuous, and witness to the solidity of his mind.

The scheme has, however, some defects. To begin with, the area selected is an arbitrary one. It is not a natural area, *i. e.*, one clearly demarcated by natural boundaries, for it excludes the valley of the lower Danube, which cannot be separated from the Balkanic masses that bound it on the south; and it excludes Russian Transcaucasia, whose natural affinities are with the mountain lands that lie to the south of it. The omission of these two regions suggests that political limits have been regarded in the determination of the space covered by the book, and that the term "Nearer East" is meant to include only what may be called the Turkish and Persian East. Yet in point of fact the book does not include the whole Turkish East, for it omits (quite rightly from a geographical point of view) Tripoli, and it covers (also quite rightly) something more, *viz.*, the kingdom of Greece. All divisions of the earth's surface which are not marked out by oceans must no doubt have a certain element of the arbitrary, but here the omission of Bulgaria and Transcaucasia is really unfortunate, when the ethnographic and political aspects of the subject are considered.

A more serious defect is in the distribution of the matter of the book. The "Nearer East" is divided into five districts: "The Balkans Belts," "The Asian Ascent" (Asia Minor), "The Central Upland" (Armenia and Persia), South Western Plains, Egypt. Each of these is treated separately under the head of area and position, again under the head of structure (*i. e.*, geological structure), again under the head of climate, again (in Part II.) under the heads of "Distribution of Man," "Grouping," "Products," "Communications," and "Conditions of Life." The heads are ingenious and suggestive, but the general purpose would, we think, have been better served by beginning with a general view of the whole "Nearer East," then dealing with each of the five districts in all its physical aspects considered together, and finally connecting the treatment of the five by a broad and summary review of the area called the "Nearer East" as a whole. As it is, the reader is carried so often from one district to another that he finds it difficult to get a clear view of the physical conditions of

each one of them and of the conditions of the whole area in their totality.

As will have been gathered from the outline we have given of its arrangement, the book is careful and thorough. The author knows a considerable part of the area, including Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor, from personal observation. He has taken great pains to reach and profit by the best printed sources of information. He is diligent, learned, and accurate. He is scientific in the German sense of the word, and indeed so scientific as to be almost needlessly technical. The treatise is full of knowledge, solid, relevant, well digested, and stated with force and precision. It is, however, decidedly hard reading, partly, perhaps, because it is so concise, partly because the writer disdains what may be called the arts and graces of description. He assumes in his readers not only a good deal of knowledge, but also a capacity for extracting all the significance from his pregnant phrases. So a reader may call it either interesting or dry according to his own tastes and the measure of his own familiarity with the *præcognoscenda* of the subject. The latter half of the book, where man is dealt with, contains many suggestive passages, some of which are expressed with trenchant vigor. Take, for instance, this upon the Arab nomads:

"The distinguishing Bedawin characteristic is, in a word, that of his land, Meagreness. Meagreness of osseous, starved frame, short of stature, and doomed to early decay; meagreness of sensory faculties, eyes and ears dull of hearing and sight, except in tracking a foe; meagreness of mental qualities, issuing in unstable, shifty conscience, in easy cowardice, in absence of religion, in gusty passions, and in swift deterioration upon contact with civilization. The man of the Arabian desert is an ineffective animal, bad shot, bad rider, bad fighter, bad breeder, and, when brought out of his steppes, as bad a cultivator as a citizen; but for all that an attractive animal. Take him on his own high and open desert, the product of its keen air and clean, non-verminous soil. He has all the outward charm which purity of race and freedom from servitude and menial toil through many generations confer all over the world. His shape, his bearing, his social code are alike noble. A guest need not ask what relation there may be between his theory and his practice, nor try him long or hard, but, wandering as the Bedawin does, he may admire the simplicity, frugality, and patient obedience of successive camps, himself possessed by the indefinable exhilaration of the Waste. And should he wish to stay long in the desert, he must be sure he has in his own nature more than a little sympathy with indolent, unreflective quietism, the Eastern, not the Western, type of mind, which can empty itself at will of all thought and all desire of action."

These broad, sometimes half-paradoxical statements may need a little qualification, and may seem scarcely self-consistent; but they are illuminative to those who have only the conventional notion of the Arab, drawn from poetry or romance, or read into the narratives of the early Muslim conquests. So, too, the observations upon the Albanians and the Greeks are not only penetrating, but in the main just. There is no sentiment about the author's handling of these themes, and indeed when he comes to treat of the Christian population of Asiatic Turkey, he shows a deficiency of sympathy with their position that somewhat affects the value of his judgment. Seeing their faults, as a Western traveller naturally does, he seems to realize

inadequately how hardly their misfortunes have borne on them, and the possibilities that might open before them if once the Turkish rule were removed. Not that he confines his view to the present. In one of the most instructive chapters of the book, that entitled "World Relation," he describes with great precision and insight the salient feature of the place which the "Nearer East" has come to hold during the last hundred, and still more distinctly during the last forty years. This region has become significant, not so much for its own intrinsic worth, which is at this moment comparatively slight (though capable of great development), as because it offers a land route from civilized and populous Europe to the Further East, populous, productive, and either possessed by, or overshadowed by, great European Powers. It is, as Mr. Hogarth justly says, a Debatable Land, "distracted internally by a ceaseless war of influences and only too anxious to lean, in one part or another, upon external aid." It is, moreover, already largely de-orientalized, and likely more and more to pass under European influences. What has befallen Egypt must before long befall Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and a large part of Asia Minor. The political obstacles are plain enough, but political obstacles yield in the end to economic and social forces.

The really critical event in the history of the Nearer East is an event which happened in the Further East, *viz.*, the English conquest of India. Napoleon's expedition to Egypt in 1798 was the first palpable recognition of the importance of southwestern Asia as a line of passage to those remoter regions which the English had won and held, owing to their command of the long ocean route. The making of the Suez Canal was a natural consequence. The project for a railway from Konieh to the Persian Gulf, which would be the first half of a railway to India, is a further and not less legitimate result. This project, which suggested more than fifty years ago, has so perturbed financiers and politicians in Germany and England during the last few months, is certain, despite the temporary check it has received, to be carried out at no distant date; and it may probably bring Germany as a fourth political influence into regions where, fifty years ago, France, Russia, and England were already watching one another with a jealousy which was one of the causes that produced the Crimean war. And though (as our author observes) it is chiefly as a land of passage that the Nearer East now draws the attention of Europe, no one can doubt that the opening up of communications through it must eventually change both its economic and its political conditions, developing those fertile parts of it which have lain long neglected, and fusing into larger bodies those races and sects, and sections of races and sects, whose divisions and reciprocal antagonisms have made it for many generations a prey to weakness and unrest.

FIVE NOVELS.

Youth. By Joseph Conrad. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co.

His Daughter First. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The Conquering of Kate. By J. P. Mowbray. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Woe Macgreggor. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Brothers.

At the time when Mr. Joseph Conrad began to write tales of adventure in the Southern Pacific, novelists were much concerned about getting local color into their work. They searched the earth for geographical novelty and linguistic eccentricity, and concentrated their attention on those superficial attributes and traits of humanity which are developed by climate, association, and local habits. There was little then in Mr. Conrad's work to indicate that he had any profounder reason for writing fiction than that suggested by the chance of first-hand acquaintance with scenes lying out of the beaten path of travel and people born or banished beyond the reach of social or moral law. Gradually, however, he has shown himself to be one of nature's licensed story-tellers, holding a warrant to explore the heart of life and to discover some of its mystery and pain. His latest volume, entitled 'Youth,' places him unmistakably among the best imaginative writers of his period. Objectively, the tales are realistic, sometimes violently realistic like Kipling's, but the record of action of particular things done and suffered is united with the universally human by a great imagination and a temperamental impressionability rich as Pierre Loti's, yet saved from sickliness by an Anglo-Saxon sanity. The easily named qualities that count are observation and knowledge of men, of affairs, of places; abundant resources for action and for variety of people to carry it on, and a power of expression so fluent and intense that it often runs into prodigality. Yet these qualities are only slaves of the lamp, doing perfectly the master's bidding, while themselves ignorant of magic and possessing no power to work enchantments. The enchantment worked by Mr. Conrad's imagination is the elevation of all sorts of facts, the common and unusual, the sordid and picturesque, the heroic and ignoble, to an atmosphere charged with emotion at a very high pitch.

The first tale narrates the adventures of the *Judua* carrying coal from London to Bangkok. The *Judua* was old and utterly unseaworthy; the captain was old, the mate was old, and they may have been spurred to their perilous venture by the reflection that, after all, they had not much of life to lose. The second mate was a boy of twenty, and the adventure of the battered ship and the ancient mariners is so suffused with his emotion that literal account of disaster and failure becomes a lyrical expression of the hope and courage and joy of youth.

'Heart of Darkness' vibrates with loathing of a land where primeval nature assumes the functions of a vengeful fate, and either kills invaders of her awful solitudes or reduces them to the condition of brutes. It is a dreadful and fascinating tale, full as any of Poe's of mystery and haunting terrors, yet with a substantial basis of reality that no man who had not lived as well as dreamed could conjure into existence. The tale is told by a young

man whose business in Africa was to navigate a river steamboat. One quotation may give a notion of the author's realism and impressionability. The young man had arrived at the first trading station and already supped full of horrors:

"I went to work the next day, turning, so to speak, my back on that station. In that way only it seemed to me I could keep my hold on the redeeming facts of life. Still, one must look about sometimes; and then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly about in the sunshine of the yard. I asked myself sometimes what it all meant. They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, like a lot of faithless pilgrims bewitched inside a rotten fence. The word ivory rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it. A taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse. By Jove! I've never seen anything so unreal in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincible, like evil or truth, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion."

The third subject is in a way an easy one for exciting tearful sentiment. The average heart may be touched by any sort of description of a man who in old age is forced to begin again the struggle for existence with all the odds against him. Mr. Conrad gets emotion to the heart-breaking moment as much by repression of the sentimental attitude and appeal as by the splendid delineation of old Capt. Whalley facing with fortitude and equanimity disaster after disaster, until he comes to "the end of the tether" and goes down with his ship. There is no strained heroism, nothing ever so slightly improbable or artificial in the portrait of Capt. Whalley. He is just an honest, strong, invincibly proud old man, fighting fate single-handed, and determined to fight to a finish. This sort of fight is never really a matter for tears; it seems to reflect a glory on the human race, and establish a ground for the desire for immortality. There are two sorts of Englishmen who command the world's admiration—the English adventurer and the English poet. Mr. Conrad is a rover and a poet, so the great qualities of his brood are in his work, which can hardly fail to take a permanent place in the national literature.

In the preface to 'The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft' it is assumed that Mr. Gissing found the papers after the writer's death, and published them thinking that they might be valuable, at least for their sincerity's sake, to those "who read not with the eye alone, but with the mind." They are interesting and valuable for frank expression of unpopular truths, but still more, to some interpreting minds, for a naïve revelation of abysmal selfishness which Mr. Ryecroft (who looks like Mr. Gissing in thin disguise) seems hardly ever to have recognized as a possible constituent of his make-up. At the age of twenty, Ryecroft, possessing a genuine passion for letters and a fine capacity for ranging himself with the opposition, stumbled into London, unknown and poor, intending to write for a living. For a few years he remained very poor, but he did gradually get on; so well, indeed, that for twenty years he supported himself, his wife, and daughter, even managing "now and then to earn a little more money than his actual needs de-

manded, and thus was enabled to see something of foreign countries." At the age of fifty, when death had disembarassed him of his wife, and marriage separated him, seemingly as irrevocably, from his daughter; "when his health had begun to fail and his energies to show abatement," a friend bequeathed to him a life annuity of three hundred pounds. In the luxurious seclusion of a country house, to which he at once retired, these papers were written. True, his career had not been glorious, but, considering his very poor equipment for succeeding in a profession that demands a rather eager interest in life, and the tact and skill to lead those whom one may privately despise, he had not done badly; therefore his walling about the hideousness of poverty, the awful waste of his peculiarly promising youth, the constant and hateful toil of his middle years, strikes us as unseemly, as not the utterance of a man who could have deserved much consideration from his fellow-men or with whom a wife and daughter could ever have lived comfortably. His female impedimenta are mentioned directly only in the preface. Ryecroft shrouds them in decent silence. But he probably had them in mind when he wrote that most men's experience would justify them in declaring that, on the surface of the habitable globe, there is no house in which words of anger are never heard, where no unkindly feeling ever exists between the inmates. A state of squabble is to him the normal domestic state. "Quit the home," he reflects, "and quarrelling is less obvious, but it goes on all about one."

His affection for the peaceful home in which he writes is distinctly an affection for the house, the long-dreamed-of haven where he has his own way, beautifully, autocratically. This affection he extends to the very weeds of his garden and to the adjacent villages. "I find myself reading with interest all the local news in the Exeter paper. Not that I care about the people; with barely one or two exceptions, the people are nothing to me, and the less I see of them, the better I am pleased." If Mr. Gissing should edit the reciprocal feelings of the people of Exeter, the volume might be a lively commentary on Ryecroft's. Once in a while a habitually introspective person does catch a glimpse of his real self, and Ryecroft does not entirely escape this depressing accident of self-examination. Writing about his lack of friends during his very hard times, he remarks: "The truth is, I have never learnt to regard myself as a member of society. For me there have always been two entities—myself and the world—and the normal relation between these two has been hostile." But the consistency of Ryecroft's illusions is not often marred by such reflection. All his thoughts and opinions express the man who has cared only and cared profoundly for himself, relied on his own judgment, his own point of view, receiving nothing from the life around him, and giving it neither understanding nor sympathy. If that is the sort of man Mr. Gissing meant to delineate, he has done him with scrupulous fidelity. Such persons have a certain pathos, because, while they cry with truth that life has yielded nothing but stones, they cannot believe that it is because they never knew how to ask for bread.

'His Daughter First' is an innocent work of fiction. The author cannot long think harm of any one. Though he tries to endow some of his people with defects, such as craftiness and insincerity, his attachment to the square thing gets the better of him; so they all decide for virtue and get happily married. The tale is a tale of lovers (six of them), and the reader does not readily keep them properly sorted. The most interesting pair are Mr. Heald and Miss Temple, perhaps because they are at least tempted by Satan. Miss Temple yields so far as to write a spiteful letter to a widow whom she properly suspects of wishing to marry her father, John Temple, of course a widower. Mr. Heald plunges deeper in sin, and is really implicated in several shady transactions. Insignificant as the story is, it prompts an interesting inquiry, why Mr. Hardy chose to reappear in fiction with nothing of interest or importance to communicate. The only discoverable reason is a desire to depict the manners of a group of people representing New England's "nice" or "best" people—people not notable for stormy passions, and evolved beyond the temptation of vulgar impulses. These admirable persons have already received considerable attention in fiction, and their charming way of receiving guests, of greeting each other at breakfast, their tea-drinking and dining—the whole record, indeed, of their day's adventure, has been long consecrated to the genius of the society reporter. Even such esoteric information as that rich daughters of the republic have maids to lay out their clothes, do their hair, perform the solemn office of "preparing a bath," hardly requires confirmation by a novelist. We could never have doubted that Mr. Hardy's ladies were properly washed and combed and hooked. There was a time (within the memory of man) when they might not have been—the time when the New England conscience was a power and learning in high repute. A good time is never recognized till it is past, and as we reflect on Mr. Hardy's well-turned-out ladies, we feel certain that the good time for converting the women of New England into interesting reading was the time of moral rigidity and mental earnestness; the time when whatever care the body may have received was bestowed in secret, and deemed, if not among the unmentionable subjects, at least among those "not fit for publication."

The scene, plot, and characters of the 'Conquering of Kate' are very familiar to novel-readers. Scores of tales have been written about Southern ladies of long descent reduced to poverty, immensely proud and insolent, determined to defend to the death the family mansion and the family estate from seizure by unfeeling creditors. When a good-looking young man, hateful emissary of hated enemies, rides up to the door, politely inviting the ladies to a business consultation, the train and issue of negotiations are at once foreseen. The young man is received in the parlor by a maiden aunt, who regales him with a history of the family, declines to consider any business, and shows him the door. But the young man has come to stay. He bears affronts with dignity, patiently returns good for evil, does wonderful things with the "property," is at once so firm, so self-effacing, and so useful that the hard heart of the loveliest and most insulting of the

ladies is softened and she consents to become his bride. Mr. Mowbray's version of this ancient legend is readable, includes several diverting episodes, and one character who is quite fascinating because of his comprehensive unlikeness to the thing he is supposed to represent. Mr. Journingham, the English aspirant to the honor of Kate's hand, is the Englishman imagined by a good American who has never known a specimen of the island race, but always in perfect good faith hated the very thought of one. It is long since he ceased to appear in American fiction, and to meet him again surrounded by old and rather tedious friends is to add to the sentiment of the occasion a touch of welcome hilarity.

Any one who understands Lowland Scotch may get an hour's amusement out of 'Wee Macgregor.' The inquisitive child and his doting parents are Glasgow folk drawn from the life and to the life. If they are exceptional at all it is in possessing more leisure and good temper than most Scotch families of the lower class. Mr. Bell's method is strikingly clever. The sketches are done in dialogue almost without description or explanatory comment, yet the Robinson family's characteristics are clearly revealed, and though the reader feels the presence of ironical humor, the author preserves gravity, never appearing to know that he is in the least funny. The few passages written in English show that Mr. Bell can use that language effectively both for plain statement and for humorous satire.

RECENT POETRY.

'The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens,' edited by F. G. Kitton (Harpers), is a handsomely printed volume of which the binding is unquestionably the best part, while the prefaces of the editor rank next to it. The book is chiefly interesting as affording an evidence of that revival of Dickens about which the newspapers tell us so much, but do not make it clear that we are to gain greatly by the revival. Israhel Zangwill's 'Blind Children' (Funk & Wagnalls) is, like all his books, interesting as a branch of personal biography; and while in these pages he can scarcely be said to give us grace or music anywhere, yet there is plenty of the pungency with which the readers of his prose are familiar.

'Love's Old Sweet Song,' by George H. Ellwanger (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a reprinted and imperfectly revised edition of a previous work called 'Love's Demesne,' by the same author. It is a tolerably miscellaneous collection from different sources, but of course includes many good poems, and a curious preface in which a dozen or more living English poets are mentioned with enthusiasm, while not an American name appears in the introduction. There is a paged index of first lines, but no paged index of poems by their titles. With these drawbacks, the book affords a pleasing selection. A like criticism applies to a work in many respects admirable, entitled 'The Posy Ring: A Book of Verse for Children, Chosen and Classified by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith' (McClure, Phillips & Co.). Here the paper, type, and mechanical execution are altogether delightful, and the selection is fairly good, but there is no alphabetical index

at all of authors or of first lines. Mr. S. B. Herrick has added to the too numerous collections of miscellaneous sonnets a beautifully printed volume called 'A Century of Sonnets' (R. H. Russell), fairly good in the selection, though not especially so, and with an elaborate preface. Aldrich's fine sonnet at page 50 is an elder or later version, varying in many particulars from that contained, under the name of "Miracles," in the fine "Paint and Clay Club" edition of 1882. On the whole, the later form may be regarded as an improvement.

'The Black Prince, and Other Poems,' by Maurice Baring (Lane), consists mainly of a dramatic poem which has the unusual quality of weaving in songs much better than the text, the usual practice being quite the other way. The Nurse's Song, for instance, above the deathbed of the Black Prince, has a distinctly weird and original cadence (p. 139):

From the bleak sand and the grey sand
(O son o' mine, good-bye),
To the shore of gold and the cornland
To conquer or to die.

The low cloud and the grey cloud
(O son o' mine, good-bye),
It hangs and lowers like a shroud
Across the blood-red sky.

The soft sound and the loved sound
(O son o' mine, good-bye):
"Mother, I have a mortal wound,"
It is my own son's cry.

The horn call and the glad call
(O son o' mine, good-bye):
"Now dig the grave and weave the pall,
For I am soon to die."

The lone bell and the sad bell
(O son o' mine, good-bye):
"Tell me, mother, before I fell,
That I fought gallantly."

'Lyrics of Love and Laughter,' by Paul Laurence Dunbar (Dodd, Mead & Co.), are a pleasing variation, in one respect, from his earlier poems, in that they rely less on the African dialect and are stronger in other directions, although the "dialect poems" still predominate. The following, for instance, has in it a touch of what is, after all, Walt Whitman's masterpiece. "The Song of the Open Road," although it produces no effect of imitation (p. 3):

TO THE ROAD.

Cool is the wind, for the summer is waning,
Who's for the road?
Sun-flecked and soft, where the dead leaves are
raining.

Who's for the road?
Knapsack and alpenstock press hand and shoulder,
Prick of the briar and roll of the boulder;
This be your lot till the season grow older;
Who's for the road?

Up and away in the hush of the morning,
Who's for the road?
Vagabond he, all conventions a-scorning,
Who's for the road?
Music of warblers so merrily singing,
Draughts from the rill from the roadside upspring-
ing,
Nectar of grapes from the vines lowly swinging,
These on the road.

Now every house is a hut or a hovel,
Come to the road;
Mankind and moles in the dark love to grovel,
But to the road.
Throw off the loads that are bending you double;
Love is for life, only labor is trouble;
Truce to the town, whose best gift is a bubble:
Come to the road!

'A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea,' by Charles Keeler (San Francisco: Robertson), have the double benefit of southern and northern explorations, and we not only get from him such deep-water chancies as "Aye, aye, aye, Mr. Storm Along!" and "Down, down in the doldrums down!" but love songs with such a wonderful vocabulary as that of "A Song of Bering Sea." Mr. Robert Loveman, author of 'The Gates of Silence, with Interludes of Songs' (Knickerbocker Press), is a poet of Western birth and Southern residence, who has won a modest success very easily, having been

compared at different times by rather exuberant editors to Wordsworth, Tennyson, Poe, Aldrich, Lovelace, and Henley. His brief poems have become somewhat monotonous, and perhaps the best are now the most daring, as the following (p. 19):

"I want no trickster God—
No cunning, crafty spook—
Who smites a people or a rock,
Or one who writes a book.

"For me a God who flings
Out of His spendthrift hands
The whirling worlds like pebbles,
The meshed stars like sands."

'Puerto Rican and Other Impressions,' by William James (Putnams), is one of the first of that long series of literary works which our new tropical possession may call forth; and the illustrations at least are, for that reason, very effective. From page 44 we select:

THE PINK PALACE.

This house is called a palace, but to me
Far more it is a fortress, with huge walls
Of sturdy grandeur and vast echoing halls.
On mighty ramparts near the fern is free
To nod in answer to the phantasy
Of ancient echo whensoever it calls
To medieval ghost the past enthralled,
But cannot keep—nor yet will quite set free.

To-day a garden smiles where warriors strode;
To-day the stalls are empty; where the steed
Of Andalus's swart baidgo rode
Now gentle mosses bloom and weed rejoices.
Near by a chapel stands; where wounds did bleed
There soft-eyed nuns now sing with softer voices.

There is a distinct and steady revival of purely dramatic poetry, as in 'The Canterbury Pilgrims: A Comedy,' by Percy Mackaye (Macmillan); 'The Princess of Hanover,' by Margaret L. Woods (Holt); 'David and Bathsheba,' by Charles Whitworth Wynne (Knickerbocker Press); and 'Two Masques,' by Oswald Crawford (London: Chapman & Hall). The most original, not to say promising, of these dramatic compositions is the first named, a really remarkable achievement. It is no slight test of an author's resources to produce before our eyes and ears, in good lively dialect and with inexhaustible vivacity, all that range of visitors whom Chaucer has ventured to group together at the Tabard. Mr. Mackaye has unflinchingly given us the grotesqueness, the vigor, the coarseness of the Elizabethan age, often coming near the very verge of peril, but never getting beyond the safeguard of the "Whoop! do me no harm, good man" which formed in that period the line of safety. So many people of varied types are crowded into this book, and with such sustained animal spirits, that it sends a reader back not merely to his Chaucer, but to his Shakspeare, with renewed power to get behind the scenes.

'Pompeii of the West, and Other Poems,' by John Hall Ingham (Lippincott), is a book of modest claims and really noble attainments, with much of strength both of spirit and of expression. The title poem is a fine memorial of the great Chicago Exposition and its palaces, and the following is one of the best contributions to the new Emerson anthology which is this year so rapidly rolling up (p. 20):

A CLIFF VISITOR.

Deep-blue with autumn blasts the billows rolled
Before us as we scanned an open page
The rarest spirit of our clime and age,
When from the rocks above us, gray and cold,
A feathered glint of emerald and gold
Flashed on our sense—as though the Concord
 mage
Had sent a winged thought—a heritage
Of finer truth than written word could hold.
A hummingbird it was; fearless it flew
And struck the scarlet robe beneath our feet
In hope of honey. Man and Nature drew
Once more into communion strange and sweet,
And, for the moment, rock and bird and sea
The poet's magic made humanity.

A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE.

Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By Mary King Waddington. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Among the spirited portraits which Madame Waddington sketches with so light and free a touch, not the least interesting is the incidental one of herself. Belonging to a family whose social and political importance dates from the earliest days of the republic, she inherits as a matter of course a certain point of view. In the world of principalities and powers—Vanity Fair and *la haute politique*—she is breathing her native air, whether her place of abode chance to be France or Russia, England or the United States. In addition to inherited adaptation, Madame Waddington possesses as her personal endowment a charming gayety of temper, an insatiable interest in everything which goes on around her, and a quick wit. After reading her letters—the most entertaining which have appeared since Lady Granville's—one is left with the cheerful impression that, in a world of misfits, here at least was the right person in the right place. The astonishing thing is that any one who, by her own account, dislikes writing, should have written such letters. More than once she plaintively says, "I hate so to write."

"Ink all over me," she exclaims, "fingers, hair, etc. I can't say, as Madame de Sévigné did, 'ma plume vole,' for mine stops and scratches, and makes holes in the paper, and does everything it can to make my writing difficult. I wonder why I hate it so—I do; as soon as I sit down to my writing-table I want to go out or play on the piano, or even crochet little petticoats—anything rather than write."

The letters are informal. Hastily dashed off while the impressions which they record were still fresh, they have, fortunately, not been greatly revised.

M. Waddington, whose distinguished career is briefly outlined in an introductory note, was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III. at Moscow, in May, 1883. Since none of the prophesied misfortunes occurred, it is difficult to realize, particularly at this distance of time, how seriously the dangers of the coronation were regarded. The appalling assassination of Alexander II. was still fresh in men's minds. Madame Waddington says of the appointment:

"I was too bewildered at first to take it in, and I must frankly say I was wretched. . . . Of course it will be a magnificent sight, but I am a perfect poltroon—I am so afraid they will take advantage of that crowd to blow up everybody. However, if that should happen it would be better to be blown up together, but I really am nervous, (I am not usually such a coward, but Russian Nihilists and dynamiters are terrible elements to contend with), and wish they hadn't asked him to go."

We get a vivid picture of days filled with the bustle of preparation for high festivities—gala carriages, court dresses, jewels ("I have taken everything the family own"); and nights made uneasy by apprehension. A guardian was appointed for the boy, and affairs were put in order—"cheerful preparations for a festive journey." From Moscow Madame Waddington writes; "It is curious to live in such a highly charged atmosphere, and yet I am less nervous—I wonder why; the excitement, I suppose, of the whole thing." There is a

thrilling account of the Emperor's ride through the city to the Kremlin. It is a capital description and we can quite see it all: the crowd—"such pale, patient faces, but so unjoyous"—kept back by the triple row of soldiers; the gorgeous, semi-barbaric procession; the bells, the music, "the steady tramp of soldiers and the curious, dull noise of a great crowd of people." Then the Emperor, "riding quite alone in front on his little white horse which he had ridden in the Turkish campaign"; and the Empress, with her little daughter, so far behind and with so many troops between, that the Emperor might easily have been killed, she knowing nothing of it.

"Every ear was strained to hear the first sound from the Kremlin. When the cannon boomed out, the effect was indescribable. All the Russians embraced each other, some with tears running down their cheeks, everybody shook hands with everybody, and for a moment the emotion was contagious. The extraordinary reaction showed what the tension had been."

The coronation, of course, is described in all its pomp, and the writer afterwards speaks of what was to her the most striking thing in all the ceremonies: "First, the moment when the Emperor crowned himself, the only figure standing on the dais, and afterwards when he crowned the Empress, she kneeling before him." The life of the Ambassadors was arduous; up betimes in the morning, riding about in the state carriage, which, with its swinging motion, was provocative of seasickness, and standing for hours at a time. Dinners and balls in the evening, and making one's manners all day. One day she writes: "I am just alive, but nothing more, having performed five Grand Duchesses." The Empress said to Madame Waddington that the day of the coronation would be

"very long and tiring, particularly beginning so early in the morning, that she was very *matinale*; was I? 'Fairly—but I hadn't often been up and dressed in full dress and diamonds at seven in the morning.' . . . We talked a little about Moscow and the Kremlin. She asked me what I had seen. When I spoke of the church and the tribunes for the Corps Diplomatique with no seats and a very long ceremony, she was quite indifferent; evidently didn't think it was of the slightest consequence whether we were tired or not; and I don't suppose it is."

Later we read: "How hideous the life of the Emperor and the Empress must be. They say they find letters on their tables, in their carriages, coming from no one knows where, telling them of all the horrors in store for them and their children." In this light, the Empress's indifference over the fatigue of the Ambassadors seems natural. The detective attached to the French embassy feared some great demonstration of the Nihilists on the gala night at the opera. "It would be such a good opportunity to get rid of all the Russian princes, to say nothing of the foreigners. He and Pontécoulant suggested to W. that I should be left at home, but I protested vigorously. If they all go, I am going too." And go she did.

After his return from Russia, M. Waddington was appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and remained in that position for ten years. Fortunately his wife, who still declared that she hated writing, had many members of her family to write to. The story of her life goes on with equal vivacity and freshness. In an

earlier letter she had said that she sometimes asked herself if she were "the same little girl that used to run wild in the country at home with a donkey cart and a big Newfoundland dog." We seem to get a glimpse of that little girl when she says, after an exceptionally frivolous outing, "I think in her heart Jean was rather shocked at the Aquarium performance—didn't think it was exactly the place for me; that was the reason I liked it, I suppose. I am 'so often now in the place where I ought to be."

The letters are chiefly taken up, however, with dignified functions, and a long series of the most interesting personages of modern times pass before us, made life-like by the vivid style of the narrator. Of the Queen, and, indeed, of all the royal family, we get an exceedingly pleasant impression. "She was unfailing to us both from the first moment, always welcomed us with the same smile, was always inclined to talk about anything, and to understand and smooth over any little difficulty or misunderstanding. I think she is a wonderful woman and a wonderful Queen." And at the jubilee:

"It was most interesting to see her come up the aisle—quite alone in front—her three sons, Wales, Edinburgh, and Connaught, just behind her. . . . As she reached the dais she stepped on it quite alone, and, advancing to the front, made a pretty curtsy to the assembled Royalties. Then came a long procession of family princes, headed by the Prince of Wales and the German Crown Prince, who looked magnificent in his white uniform, and the Princess of Wales and the German Crown Princess. They all passed before the Queen, and it was most striking to see her seated there, a quiet figure dressed in black, very composed and smiling, yet *émue*, too, as the long line of children and grandchildren, representing all Europe, passed to do her homage."

At the end of her stay in England, Madame Waddington was able to say that "they had been ten perfectly happy years," and, as she adds, "ten years is a good piece out of one's life." Among the last ceremonies that she records is the farewell dinner which was given for M. Waddington at the Mansion House and which she saw from the gallery of the Banqueting Hall.

"There was a blaze of light and at first I couldn't recognize anyone, and then I saw W. standing, drinking out of the loving cup, with the Lord Mayor on one side and Rustem on the other, and gradually I made out a good many people. There were two long tables besides the *table d'honneur*, and they told me about 300 guests. All the representative men and intelligence of England assembled to say God-speed to the departing Ambassador. The Speaker and Lord Herschell (Presidents of the two Houses) were both there, and men of every possible coterie from Lord Lorne to James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*. As soon as the regular toasts had been drunk, there was a pause, and then came the toast of the evening, with 'bumpers,' 'The French Ambassador.' There were roars of applause when W. got on his legs, and I must confess to a decided choke in my throat. W. spoke (in English, which they had asked him to do) very simply and very well, going back to his early days. When he said that he had done his best always to keep up good and friendly relations with England, and that he had had much sympathy from all sides, he was much cheered; but much more when he said that perhaps what had given him more friends in England than any of his public acts as a statesman, was the fact that he had rowed in the University eight at Cambridge. Then there were roars of applause, and he heard quite

distinctly the people below saying, 'He is quite right, we always remember it.' He was quite *ému* when he came to the end; his voice taking that grave tone I like so much when he said 'goodbye.' One heard every word. He was much cheered when he finished. . . . He hasn't always had an easy time with his English name and his English education. Of course, it has been very useful to him here, as he has been thrown with all sorts of people, and could understand the English point of view, but in France they were always afraid he was too English. I think when he has gone they will realize at home what good work he has done here *because* he understands them."

One closes the book wishing it were longer, which proves perhaps that it is about the right length.

The Souls of Black Folk: Essays and Sketches by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Du Bois has written a profoundly interesting and affecting book, remarkable as a piece of literature apart from its inner significance. The negrophobist will remind us that Mr. Du Bois is not so black as he has painted himself, and will credit to the white blood in his veins the power and beauty of his book. But the fact is, that the features of Mr. Du Bois's mind are negro features to a degree that those of his face are not. They are the sensibility, the tenderness, the "avenues to God hid from men of Northern brain," which Emerson divined in the black people. The bar of music from one "Sorrow Song" or another which stands at the head of each chapter is a hint (unintended) that what follows is that strain writ large, that Mr. Du Bois's thought and expression are highly characteristic of his people, are cultivated varieties of those emotional and imaginative qualities which are the prevailing traits of the uncultivated negro mind. Hence one more argument for that higher education of the negro for which Mr. Du Bois so eloquently pleads. Such education of ten thousand negroes would be justified by one product like this.

The book will come as a surprise to some persons who have heard Mr. Du Bois speak upon his people's character and destiny, and, finding him coldly intellectual, have not been at all prepared for the emotion and the passion throbbing here in every chapter, almost every page. It is almost intolerably sad. "Bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of them that live within the veil," the writer manifests throughout an aching sense of the wrongs done to his people, heretofore and still. But those will greatly misconceive who think that we have here merely an outburst of emotion. Back of this there is careful knowledge of past and present conditions in the South, clear insight into their meanings, a firm intellectual apprehension of their tendency, which is something to be reckoned with by every citizen who has at heart the welfare of his country, inseparable from the welfare of the colored people. The perverid rhetoric will seem extravagant to the dull and cold, but, though it sometimes obscures what it would fain illuminate, it is the writer's individual form, it is not the substance of his protestation, which is compact of intellectual seriousness and moral truth.

The initial chapter is of a general character, setting forth the spiritual strivings of the negro—to be at once a negro and an

American; "to be a co-worker in the kingdom of culture, to escape both death and isolation; to use his best powers and his latent genius," which have heretofore been so wasted, dispersed, and forgotten. A second chapter takes more definite shape, telling the story of emancipation, what it meant to the blacks, and what happened in the days of the carpet-bagger and his coadjutors in the Reconstruction period. The emphasis is on the Freedmen's Bureau, whose merits and demerits are considered in an impartial manner. There is an eloquent tribute to "the crusade of the New England schoolma'am" in the South, which in one year gave instruction to more than one hundred thousand blacks. There is a fit rebuke for the cheap nonsense, of which we hear so much, concerning the enfranchisement of the negro. There was no choice, we are very properly assured, between full and restricted suffrage; only a choice between suffrage and a new form of slavery. It is conceded that a race-feud was the inevitable consequence of the choice the North was forced to make.

But the most concrete chapter in Mr. Du Bois's book is the third, "Of Mr. Booker T. Washington and Others." Mr. Washington's ascendancy is designated as "the most striking thing in the history of the American negro since 1876." Entertained with unlimited energy, enthusiasm, and faith, his programme "startled and won the applause of the South, interested and won the admiration of the North, and, after a confused murmur of protest, it silenced if it did not convert the negroes themselves." The merits of that programme are detailed with warm appreciation, while at the same time a criticism is made upon it so thoughtfully conceived that it deserves the attention of Mr. Washington's best friends and the best friends of the negro and the white people of the South. The criticism will be resented with bitterness by those for whom Washington's attraction is the concessions they suppose him to have made, and with hardly less by many who are convinced that he has solved the race problem in a completely successful manner. There are those who seem to regard any criticism of his programme as only a less malignant form of lese-majesty than criticism of the war programme of a President. But he is strong and wise enough to welcome any honest difference from his own views and aims. The criticism is that Mr. Washington asks the negro to surrender, at least for the present, political power, insistence on civil rights, the higher education. Advocated for fifteen years, triumphant for ten, this policy has coincided with the disfranchisement of the negro, his relegation to a civil status of distinct inferiority, the impoverishment of institutions devoted to the negro's higher education. That here is not merely coincidence, but effect, is Mr. Du Bois's contention. Also, that Mr. Washington's desired ends cannot be reached without important additions to his means: the negro may not hope to be a successful business man and property owner without political rights, to be thrifty and self-respecting, while consenting to civic inferiority, to secure good common-school and industrial training without institutions of higher learning. "Tuskegee itself could not remain open a day were it not for teachers trained in negro colleges, or trained by their graduates."

It is not so clear to us as it is to Mr. Du Bois that Mr. Washington has made the base concessions here ascribed to him. We recall passages in his books and speeches and letters that point a different moral. We recall his protests sent to the disfranchising conventions in Alabama and Louisiana. It may be that of late he has become more subdued than formerly to those he has worked with, some of whom have the habit of giving his programme the color of their own exaggerated caution and timidity. Then, too, Mr. Du Bois, while acknowledging that Mr. Washington's programme is provisional, does not make this acknowledgment with sufficient emphasis. But this third chapter as a whole, and the expansion of its prominent details in the succeeding chapters, deserve the carefullest consideration. Their large intelligence and their lofty temper demand for them an appreciation as generous as the spirit in which they are conceived.

Where all is good, it is invidious to select, but the chapters "On the Training of Black Men" and "Of the Sons of Master and Man" merit, perhaps, particular attention. The pathos of the chapter called "The Passing of the First Born" is immeasurably deep. It will appeal to all who have a human heart. It tells the story of a baby's life and death, the joy his coming meant; the "awful gladness" when he died: "Not dead, but escaped; not bond, but free." Clearly the burden of Mr. Du Bois's complaint, not explicitly, but implicitly at every turn, is made more grievous by the denial of social equality to himself and his people. In the urgency of this note is there not possibly a lack of the profoundest self-respect? If Mr. Du Bois can sit with Shakspeare and Plato, and they do not wince at his complexion, why should he care so much for the contempt of Col. Carter of Cartersville? Why not trample on it with a deeper pride? A society based on money values may reject such a man as scornfully as one based on the tradition of slavery, but a society based upon character and culture will always welcome him though he were blacker than the ace of spades, not as showing him a favor, but as anxious to avail itself of his ability.

Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology.
By James Mark Baldwin. Vol. II. The Macmillan Co. 1902. Royal 8vo, pp. 892.

Many evidences of different kinds reach us of the good service that this work is already rendering, notwithstanding the imperfections inevitable in any such composite book, and notwithstanding its lack of those formal perfections and uniformities upon which our American dictionaries and cyclopædias are apt to insist to the neglect of the weightier matters of the law, to the point of leaving them dry, innutritious, and unvitalizing. Professor Baldwin, in the preface of this concluding volume (of the Dictionary proper), puts forth more an excuse than a defence for one of the few features of it that have been disapproved in almost every quarter; urging that the diminutive biographical notices which he has scattered through the vocabulary are that half-loaf that is said to be better than no bread. This hardly meets the stricture commonly made, which was to the effect that the entire omission of these supererogatory crumbs would have left room that might

either have been filled to better purpose, or to better purpose have lightened the avoirdupois of the volumes.

But a more interesting question suggests itself. Upwards of seventy of the most reputable philosophers whose services a distinguished editor could secure, have here set down their opinions upon the special points of philosophy of which they are reputed best qualified to treat. They have not argued their doctrines, since this is a dictionary, not a cyclopædia; but they have defined them. All the principal groups of schools are more or less represented in the assemblage of contributors; even the idealists, whose showing is probably the least adequate. One naturally peruses their utterances to see what impression one can derive from them as to the prevalent tendencies of philosophy at the opening of the twentieth century; for surely this is an aspect under which it may be hoped that this dictionary will never lose its interest.

The most prominent of the philosophical signs of the times, as here displayed—so it strikes us, at least—is the manifest strenuous endeavor of the students of every department of philosophy to impart a "scientific" character each to his own particular branch, i. e., to make it conform to the conditions which have caused the success of the modern acknowledged sciences. The progress is satisfactory. At least one branch of psychology has already taken its place among the special sciences, whose array others are well upon the way toward joining. The movement is not confined to psychology. There is much of a scientific character in ethics; and the critical part of logic has, in some hands at least, come to submit itself to the same criteria as those that have long been acknowledged in science. There seems every reason for hope concerning metaphysics and other branches.

Another mark of our philosophy is the disposition to make psychology the key to philosophy—categories, æsthetics, ethics, logic, and metaphysics. Something of this has existed since Descartes; but since about 1863 every student of philosophy, even though he be one of those who consider the present psychological tendency excessive, has placed a new and higher estimate than before upon the scientific value of psychology. Here was seen one science, than which no branch of philosophy, in the days when men disputed about the *primum cognitum*, was more enveloped in metaphysical fog, which yet almost suddenly, that mist lifting, had come out bright and clear as a June forenoon. How could it but happen, as it certainly did, that men should think that the best way to resolve any problem of philosophy would be to reduce it to a question of psychology? The future must determine precisely what the value of this method may be. It has its opponents. For some years after the movement once became general, no strong voice was raised against it; and ten or fifteen years ago psychologists of the first rank could dream of establishing the truths of their science without any metaphysical assumptions whatsoever. Some writers use such language even yet; but careful examination has convinced the better part that even physics has its metaphysical postulates, and that psychology is peculiarly dependent upon them. If that

be the case, the philosophical sciences and psychology would have each to be built upon the other, if the psychological method is to be maintained. They must collectively form an arch—or, rather, a Saturn's ring, for an arch has the ground to rest upon. Whether that can be sound logic or not is a question to be carefully examined.

Another symptom of the philosophy of the day which is interesting to the general public is a very appreciable reaction against the whole family of opinions that are nearly related to agnosticism—some of them as little fond of others as any cousins in the world. A logical scruple seems to be the motive of this reaction. It is felt that the only possible justification for so much as entertaining a hypothesis must be that it renders the facts comprehensible, and that a theory which substantially amounts merely to supposing facts to be incomprehensible, fails to render any facts comprehensible. But if one once admits this, he can hardly stop at this point. It would seem that his further reflections must result in something like a resuscitation of the Scotch philosophy of common sense. Accordingly, some writers who used (justly or otherwise) to be regarded as skeptics, are now instancing the stress put upon the light of nature by Galileo and other authors of modern physical conceptions, and virtually even by Faraday, Kelvin, etc., as helping to show that a belief akin to Reid's is an essential condition of progressive science.

One other lineament of contemporary philosophy is called to our attention in turning over the leaves of this volume. It is surprising to see how readable it is—a result due, no doubt, in part to editorial skill, and partly to the writers not having to enter into all the details of argumentation. It is infinitely more agreeable to read than any of the recent philosophical works which betray literary ambition. Metaphysicians are a slow-thinking breed; but they seem duller than ordinary not to perceive that a literary style in philosophy is an incongruity whose days are numbered. Soon the majority of contributions to philosophy will begin to take the form of memoirs, like those to other sciences, such as mathematics, which is no more special than is philosophy. Now a scientific memoir written in any but the most severely unadorned language could not be more ridiculous if it were set in hexameters like the contributions of those eminent savants Parmenides, and Empedocles. It is a truism to say so; and this truism enwraps another, which is that there is such a thing as a good style and a bad style for philosophy grown science. A good style is one which approximates as closely as possible to a self-explaining diagram or a tabular array of familiar symbols. In short, it will be necessary for philosophers to awake to the fact that there is such a thing as the ethics of words, which for them should be about the most sacred part of the moral law; and the sooner they begin to turn their attention to this, the sooner they will experience the satisfaction of the scientific man's conscience, who is faithful to his duty of gathering premises as the basis of inferences which only distant generations can draw, and in drawing will first discover what scrupulous pains have been taken to make those premises accurate.

The Groundwork of the Leschetizky Method. By Malwine Brée. G. Schirmer.

Die Hand des Pianisten. Von Marie Unschuld von Melasfeld. Breitkopf & Härtel.

For nearly half a century Franz Liszt devoted a considerable part of his time to giving free instruction to young pianists. This accounts for the enormous number of his "pupils" up and down the world; a list of them takes up six pages of Göllerich's biography of the great pianist. But Liszt died in 1886, and the young women and men had to look about for another instructor. Rubinstein never took many pupils; and died, moreover, eight years after Liszt. The great successor of these masters, Paderewski, has had no time to give lessons; but it so happened that in the days of his youth he was a pupil of Leschetizky, and when he became leader among the pianists of our time, students began to flock to his teacher, in the hope of discovering the secret of his success. Thus it came about that Leschetizky became the successor of Liszt as a teacher of nearly everybody who is anybody among the younger pianists. His house in Vienna is frequented by a vast number of young students, most of them foreigners, particularly Americans; the Viennese, indeed, speak of his "American colony" at Währing. In many things Leschetizky is unlike Liszt: he charges for his lessons and he teaches technique, two things which Liszt never did. He resembles Liszt in being a genuine artist; a mere pedagogue could not have got and retained his vogue.

Leschetizky never published a "method" for the use of his pupils and others; but lately two of his pupils have endeavored to put on paper some of his most important principles of instruction. Neither of the books mentioned at the head of this review contains anything to indicate that his method differs radically from that of other eminent teachers; and both are somewhat disappointing because they do not include detailed criticism of individual composers and pieces in the teacher's own words, after the manner of Theodor Pfeiffer's delightful *Studien bei Hans von Bülow*. But there is much of genuine value in both the books. They resemble each other in having abundant illustrations of hand postures; Leschetizky's own hand having been photographed for Mme. Brée's book (which has been admirably Englished by Dr. Theodore Baker), while Mme. von Melasfeld adorns hers with pictures of her own hand in various positions. What will our young ladies say to Mme. Brée's assertion that "the pianist must renounce the so-called aristocratic hand, slender and gracefully formed, with well-kept nails"? To which she adds that "a thoroughly trained 'plano-hand' becomes broader, supple in the wrist, and muscular, with broad finger-tips." The same writer does not hesitate to declare that "the pedal, for most good people and bad players, is an instrumentality for trampling on good taste." Mme. von Melasfeld quotes Rubinstein's saying that "good pedalling is half the play." Her instructions on this topic are particularly clear and suggestive, and so are her remarks on memorizing pieces of music. They are summed up in the words, "Play less, think more." It may be added that there are plentiful illustrations in

musical type in each of these books, and that both are commended by Leschetizky himself.

Heredity and Social Progress. By Simon N. Patten. Macmillan Co. 1903.

The conclusions reached in this book differ from those previously maintained by the author because he has altered his premises. Formerly he thought that if life were freed from its restrictions, we should have "a pleasure economy, and a normal order of progress. The natural curve of thought would move from concrete economic events upward to its highest forms." Reflection suggested that this concept overlooked the influence of heredity. "Character, in the sense of inherited traits, has its curve of thought." Thought, then, must have two curves, and nothing is normal until it reveals the movements of both. Further reflection has convinced the author that the normal is to be sought in a new direction. He now perceives that it is fallacious to suppose that nations have a period of youth, maturity, and old age. "Death is an accident to life, not a necessity." Emotional changes must be recognized; and "thought must therefore have an emotional as well as an economic curve."

For the development of these theories the author has prepared a logic of his own, some of the canons of which are as follows: "The presumption of a general law is in favor of a hypothesis as soon as single instances of its operation are discovered." "Links missing in the verification of a chain of reasoning do not render a hypothesis improbable." "Whenever a specific form is found, variations from this form may be assumed." "A law having parallel expressions in two fields has greater validity than a complete induction in one field." It is speaking within bounds to say that natural science has not employed canons so loosely expressed, and that this *novum organum* may be perverted by mischievous or weak-minded persons unless it is carefully explained and guarded.

When man is considered in his relations to nature, continues our author, he is found to face a law of diminishing returns. Since the natural surplus produced by conscious effort falls off, it cannot be a source of social progress. To make progress secure, the temporary surplus must be transformed into permanent conditions, or into mental traits; it is the latter that constitute the real source of progress. So in biology, acquired characters become natural; and biology and economics are parallel, like mind and matter. Economics, therefore, may be comprehended through biology, and the bulk of this essay is biological in character. Conscious acts precede those that are unconscious, and this is the order of nature, and must prevail in lower life. Acquired characters are not inherited; but they cause children to develop increased energy, and hence progress results. The same is true of organs. The tooth, the nail, the wing, etc., are at first merely expressions of surplus energy. "Animals do not develop teeth because they eat hard food. They eat hard food because they have teeth. Nor do they develop hair because they go into cold regions; they go north because they have hair." But as progress is due to surplus energy, arrest of development comes from

emotions, which, however, may aid those who change their environment. The explanation of these statements occupies too much space to be adequately discussed here. Reduced to a simple form, the theory here adumbrated appears to make progress begin with the creation of a "social surplus," while "current biology and classical economics unite in making a deficit the initial force in progress." Prosperity creates energy, adversity lessens it. But progress is blocked unless the strong protect the weak. "The initial step in progress is protection, and a flow of income from the strong to the weak." Hence, a backward race or class need not be radically altered to fit it for civilization. Provide a surplus, and spontaneous changes will reorganize society.

There are many Delphic utterances in this book, and it can hardly be called well reasoned. Nevertheless, we can heartily approve the spirit of a disquisition which contains these precepts: "The more freely we give to the weak, the more is gained by the strong. The morality of similar men is embodied in the Golden Rule, but for dissimilar men the law of service is yet higher. Do unto those unlike yourself what they cannot do for themselves. Let your surplus energy go out through your natural character for the benefit of those who have it not."

Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Bishop of Durham. By his son, Arthur Westcott. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co., 1903.

Certain episcopal biographies of recent years appear to have been written chiefly to show that bishops are men of like passions with others. The present memoir suggests no such explanation, for the whole of its subject's career was spent outside that atmosphere of diplomacy and intrigue in which too many princes of the church appear to breathe most freely. Westcott, though he occupied for more than a decade one of the most exalted positions in the English hierarchy, will not be remembered especially as an ecclesiastical dignitary, but as a scholar and teacher. His earliest aptitudes, shown when a boy at King Edward's School, Birmingham, marked him out for distinction as a student. At Cambridge he was Senior Classic, and swept the board of the various classical prizes and scholarships. At the same time, lest his studies should be "selfish," that is, too directly aimed at prize winning, he made a point of working also at botany, geology, architecture, and other subjects. This breadth of interests does not reflect itself in the letters of this period, which are pietistic in the extreme.

It was during the years spent as assistant-master at Harrow (from 1852 to 1869) that Westcott's abilities as a critic and expositor of the New Testament text began to be generally recognized. Dr. Butler, then head-master, testifies that Westcott became a real power in the school, where his house was pre-eminent for its intellectual and general vigor. For himself, however, he found teaching schoolboys too exhausting to be combined with the studies on which his heart was set, and he was glad of the relief afforded him by an appointment to a Cambridge chair. He was more at home in lecturing to candidates for holy

orders, though his belief in the scholarship of his pupils was sometimes too much for their self-control. Canon Scott Holland, for instance, recalls his disappointment at their not recollecting the use of a certain verb in the Clementine Homilies, whereas at the moment they had but the dimmest conception of what the Clementine Homilies might be. Cambridge, too, gave him an opportunity of closer association with Lightfoot and Hort. He had begun his collaboration with Hort on a recension of the New Testament text as early as 1853, when twenty-eight years of age. Comparatively little is told us here of this great undertaking, as the biographer prefers to leave the mass of correspondence affecting it to be dealt with later by a specialist; but, amid all the changes in Westcott's outward career, we are conscious of his steady, persistent devotion to this task until the book is given to the world in 1881. One's admiration of his labors is increased by the discovery that they were not in every respect congenial. "Generally," he remarks, in one of his letters to his colleague, "I feel very great repugnance to the whole work of revision. . . . I cannot express to you the positive dislike—I want a stronger term—with which I look on all details of spelling and breathing and form." In another letter he says, "Grammar I simply hate."

After 1890, when he was made Bishop of Durham, Westcott made few contributions to scholarship. At the same time his scholarly training and habits made his new activities as a preacher and church leader differ widely from those of the average bishop. It is significant to read of his sermons and addresses during this period, (which often produced a unique impression), that they were a terror to the reporters, not because of rapidity of utterance, but because the thoughts were expressed in unfamiliar phrases. Westcott took, we learn, no delight in generalship. He felt so burdened by responsibility that when a diocesan

living fell vacant he would feel greatly relieved if he found from the calendar that the patronage was not in the bishop's hands. Yet his sense of duty was so keen that on occasion he would seek responsibilities from which most men in his position would think themselves excused. Such an occasion was the painful miners' strike of 1892, when his intervention brought the conflict of employers and employed to an end. This was but one of many services rendered to industrial concord and social progress which justified the application to him, in a chapter contributed by Thomas Burt, the miner M.P., of the title of "Everybody's Bishop." He had, indeed, been true to his consecration vow to maintain and set forward, as far as in him lay, quietness, love, and peace among all men.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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